

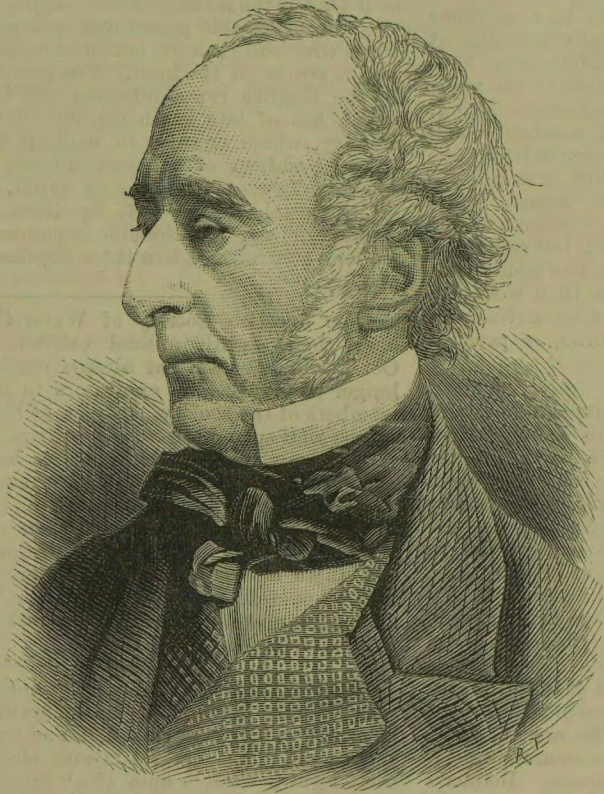
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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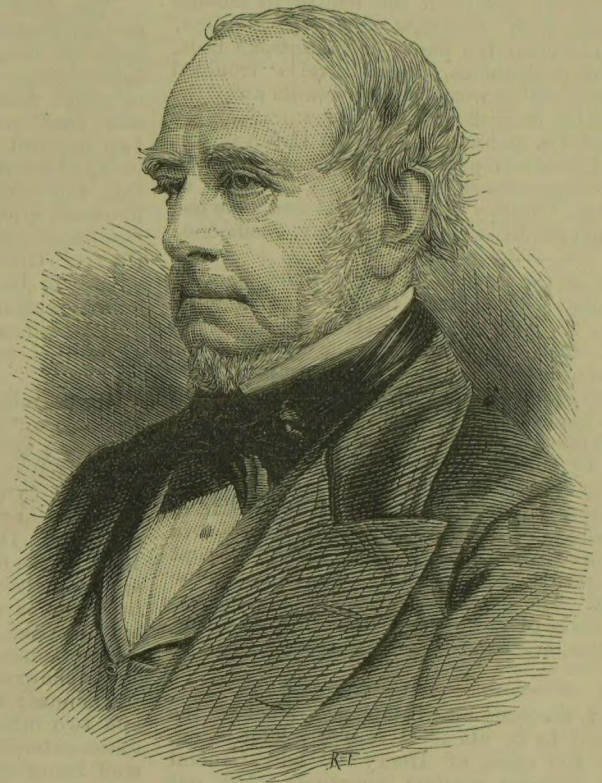
No. 2418.—VOL. LXXXVII.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1885.

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT } SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6d.



THE LATE VISCOUNT HALIFAX.



THE LATE LORD HOUGHTON.



PLATE-LAYING ON THE BOLAN PASS RAILWAY.



## OUR NOTEBOOK

The weeks between Aug. 15 and Oct. 1 are for Englishmen the idlest weeks in the year. Does it follow that they are the happiest? In many instances, no doubt, release from toil is enough of itself to give a delightful sensation of enjoyment. On the other hand, when a man is free to go anywhere and do anything, there is the perplexity of choosing where to go and what to do. And such slaves as we to habit that, as we advance in life, adaptation to new circumstances becomes more difficult. We cannot take our holiday and throw off at the same time all sense of care. We carry our occupation with us into the country, and are still in a measure tied to our profession. Then there is often a tediousness in relaxation not conducive to tranquillity. A two-hours' table d'hôte at a foreign hotel, with all its noise, and heat, and unsavouriness, is a severe tax upon the temper in holiday time. And what with wearisome railway journeys, irritating demands upon the purse, uncomfortable beds, and uncomfortable companions, foreign travel is "troubled with ill conditions." It is worse still to dawdle away the time at a fashionable English watering-place; and, on the whole, in spite of Dr. Johnson's assertion that a ship is worse than a jail, there is probably no change so complete, so invigorating, so good for body and soul alike, as a long sea voyage. Happy the man who can take one under the excellent conditions enjoyed by Mr. Gladstone!

It is a fashion of the time to hold centenaries, and so we may remind our readers that on this day four hundred years ago (Aug. 22, 1485) Richard III. was killed on Bosworth Field. This bold, bad, clever King is, thanks to Shakespeare, known to all readers, and, thanks to Mr. Irving, to all playgoers. Genius has given to this King an unenviable immortality, but possibly the estimate formed of him is due partly to romance and partly to the fact mentioned by the Bishop of Chester—that he left none behind him whose duty or whose care it was to attempt his vindication. For Englishmen, the Richard of history is the Richard of Shakespeare. For us he lives in the drama far more than in the chronicle, and no attempt to make his character less repulsive is likely to alter the popular tradition. The death of Richard at Bosworth is one of the landmarks of our history, for with that defeat a new period began, and the mediæval history of England came to an end.

Clever and at the same time heroic men (though the combination is said to be about as rare as a blue moon, notwithstanding the cases of Henry V. and General Gordon) can so manage matters sometimes that out of the nettle, danger, they pluck the flower, safety. Something like this, only different, seems to have been achieved by a Mr. "Walton," as he is pleased to name himself, an Englishman of whom his country might have been proud, had he not been sentenced lately to twenty years' penal servitude. This was in France, where he is reported to have out-burgled the notorious Mr. Charles Peace, confining his operations chiefly to sacrilege (or the plunder of churches), which he found so lucrative that he was able to indulge his taste for "the turf," whereon his conduct was such (whether good or bad is not stated) that he was "received into high and fashionable sporting circles," as a nice pleasant gentleman with money to lose. He robbed a few churches too many, however, in the neighbourhood of Lyons and Toulouse, and has now been shut up for twenty long years. It was in Corsica, some short time ago, that he showed that combination of cleverness and heroism, that mixture of strategy and audacity, which enabled him to extract advantage out of the most unpromising circumstances with a skill worthy of the great Corsican in whose native island he was undergoing incarceration: he escaped—with the prison cash-box. Such a man is too clever, of course, to be at large; but he deserves a niche in the temple of Mercurius: he surpasses the ex-policeman who hadn't been dead at all, and yet managed to get his burial money out of a society; and he is, at least, the equal of that cool scoundrel who, having no return-ticket and no money to pay his fare from Newmarket, went up to an old gentleman and said, respectfully, "Ticket, Sir, please," was, naturally, taken for an official, had the ticket surrendered to him without hesitation, and so travelled comfortably first class to London.

A worthy pedestrian, named Spencer, who is apparently anxious to "beat the record" of the Wandering Jew, without cause that anybody can discover, and without advantage that anybody can see, is "pegging away" at his task of trying to walk six thousand miles in 110 days: his average hitherto appears to have been 57·6 miles a day, and if he keeps it up, he will evidently "realise the stakes," if there be any, and will be entitled to have his performance recorded upon his monument as a warning to posterity.

A tailor is said—most libellously and untruly—to be but the ninth part of a man; if so, a deaf and dumb tailor, such as George Baker, who knocked down and killed a poor old woman at Uxbridge the other day, should be a very much smaller fraction of a man, as indeed Mr. Baker's exploit would seem to prove. He who strikes a woman at all, save under very exceptional circumstances, is properly held to be less than a man; and he who strikes an old woman, however deaf and dumb he may be, is so much more less than a man as an old woman is more helpless than a young. But, by-the-way, the saying that "it takes nine tailors to make a man" has perhaps been maliciously misapplied; it was probably not meant at all as a slight upon tailors and their manfulness, but rather as a corrective of that other saying that "the tailor makes the man," insinuating that it would tax the skill of nine Pooles to do the trick.

Perhaps the most extraordinary development as yet attained by belligerent philanthropy is reported from New Zealand in the shape of a crusade against barnmaids. At the Antipodes, as elsewhere, it is found that the ministrations of pretty young damsels have a tendency to attract within the limits of the public-house young men who would unquestionably be better outside. Hence, a movement, under the auspices of several ladies for whose philanthropy the reporter vouches, to replace all the Hebes by Ganymedes, and compel the young men to tope for topings' sake without the excuse of a flirtation. The Legislature has actually been petitioned, and grave statesmen, expert in weighing votes, have professed themselves not indisposed in principle to this scandalous act of tyranny. The incident is well worth attention, as exemplifying the slender respect of democratic communities for personal liberty, as well as to what lengths, with what utter contempt of freedom of contract and natural right, aggressive philanthropy is ready to go in pursuance of its impracticable enterprise of making people virtuous by Act of Parliament. The one redeeming feature is the delightful little bit of feminine jealousy which, more even than temperance zeal, seems to lie at the bottom of it.

The Australian book-thieves appear to be a studious and intellectual, and, moreover, a numerically insignificant body of men. The committee of the Melbourne Free Library report that only twenty-six volumes, to the value of about £10, have been stolen since last stock-taking, and that, with the exception of "Ravenshoe" and two nautical novels, these are works so conducive to the study of Greek, Chemistry, and Mathematics, as to indicate that the purloiners were so many Eugene Arams. One, however, grievously erred by abstracting a volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine* a small matter in itself, but ruinous to the set. Greek, Chemistry, and Mathematics would thus appear to be more deleterious to morals than works of fiction, which, considering that there are seven times as many readers of the latter in Melbourne, is perhaps as well.

In the midst of general stagnation at home and abroad, one person, at least, has of late had his hands full of business; and that is M. Deibler, the *exécuteur des hautes œuvres* for the French Republic. The prominence thus accorded to this distinguished functionary has naturally induced many comparisons with and reflections on his predecessors. Deibler was appointed public executioner in 1878, on the death of Roch, whose assistant he had been; and, perhaps with some view of making the place a family heirloom, as in the case of the Sansons, Deibler some time ago married the daughter, Raseneuf (*Clean-Shave*, a prophetic name), of his Algerian colleague. The salary of the public executioner-in-chief is now fixed at 6000*f.* (£240) per annum; and two of his assistants receive 2000*f.* each, and two others 1500*f.* a year apiece. The area of their duties extends over the whole of France, a separate official staff being appointed for Algeria and Corsica. Deibler's immediate predecessor, Roch, only held office for six years; but from an early age he had been connected with the "profession," through his uncle, Heidenreich, and had assisted at no less than eighty executions. He is described as a model "père de famille," leaving at his death a widow and eight children to deplore his premature demise. Heidenreich, the first of the new régime, held office for twenty-five years, and left a fortune of 200,000*f.* (£8000), the fruits of economy.

Although the office of executioner, for Paris at least, was passed on from 1688 to 1847 through various generations of the Sanson family, the post was not regarded as strictly hereditary, as in Spain. The last member who held it was dismissed in 1847 for having pawned his professional implements; over which he was supposed to have no more power than a tenant for life has over the family heirlooms. The first holder of the office in Paris, at least, was paid by the job, by a tax levied upon certain goods sold in the streets, and by the rental of the shops in the now extinct and forgotten Place du Pilon. But by 1721 these rights had raised the salary to such an extent that they were confiscated, and were replaced by a fixed salary. In those days, as readers of George Selwyn's *Memoirs* may recollect, there was a M. De Paris, a M. De Bordeaux, a M. De Lyon, and a M. De Rouen, as they were designated amongst themselves and by their assistants. But these aristocratic distinctions, as well as the limited monopoly they enjoyed, were swept away by the Revolution, which provided so much work that the Convention in 1792 sanctioned the appointment of one executioner to each department, at a salary of £100 per annum, with £32 for his assistant—a really trifling remuneration for the work provided and required. On the coming back of the Bourbons there was a temporary return to the old system, and M. De Paris was again reinstated, receiving £320 per annum, M. De Lyon £200, and MM. De Bordeaux et Rouen £160 a year each.

The news of Mr. Ruskin's serious illness has been received with regret and sympathy throughout the country. Of living Englishmen famous in art and literature, no name is held in higher honour than his. He is a great master of English, in an age when the language is not generally treated with respect; he is a man full of noble aims, full of intellectual activity, and of that ardour which kindles enthusiasm in others. That such a man should have peculiarities, is to be expected. He who thinks honestly for himself cannot always agree with his neighbours; but, whether we deem him right or wrong, we cannot but honour the spirit that breathes through all the volumes he has written. His books are alive, and will live. They are a permanent addition to a literature already rich in works that are pure and lovely and of good report. "There is nothing going on among us," wrote Carlyle, "so notable to me as those fierce lightning-bolts Ruskin is copiously and desperately pouring into the black world of anarchy all around him. No other man in England that I meet has in him the divine rage against iniquity, falsity, and baseness that Ruskin has, and that every man ought to have." High praise this, considering whence it comes; but, assuredly, not too high.

The most important proposal before the International Telegraph Congress, now assembled at Berlin, is that put forward by Germany, to establish a uniform rate of five-pence per message, and a maximum charge of two-pence per word for all places within the European Continent. The ordinary transit rate for all the smaller countries, including Belgium, Switzerland, Roumania, Servia, and the like, is, according to the proposal, to be fixed at two centimes (one-fifth of a penny) per word. Whilst for the Greater Powers, four centimes (two-fifths of a penny) per word will be allowed, with the right to lower it to the tariff of the smaller countries. For submarine telegraphs Germany wishes to see a half penny a word fixed for all distances under 300 miles, and a penny beyond that distance. These benefits—if telegrams can be so regarded by private individuals—are, however, somewhat modified by other proposals coming from the same quarter. For instance, any message sent by underground wires may be charged at the rate of a penny per word; and it is scarcely likely that the sender of a telegram from Constantinople to Cologne can know beforehand how much of the route is served only by the underground system. Again, Germany wishes to force everyone to pay for the hour and minute at which the message is dispatched as if part of the message itself—a proposal which will give rise to considerable grumbling and protest on the part of those who will rush in crowds to send off their messages on the stroke of the hour. The principal objection raised by the English representatives will be against a system which has of late taken considerable proportions in this country, which consists in sending telegrams containing only the address of the recipient and the signature of the sender. There is not only no profit, but an absolute loss on these telegrams: but, by these means, the door is opened to very questionable practices, which escape immediate control, and free those implicated from subsequent penalty.

The Scottish Society of Water-Colour Painters will open their eighth annual exhibition at Glasgow on Oct. 24 under somewhat altered conditions, for it will no longer be requisite for exhibitors to be previously elected members of the society. In view of the additional demand on the wall space, the whole suite of rooms belonging to the Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts have been taken over, and will be turned to profitable account. Four of the rooms will be set apart for paintings in water colours, and the remaining two for mounted sketches and monochromes in water colours. The latest "sending-in" day is Oct. 9, and there is every reason to believe that English artists will co-operate with their Scottish brethren across the Tweed to make the coming exhibition illustrative of the best water-colour art of the day.

The prospect of any more tunnels through the Alps seems for the moment to be somewhat doubtful, and the rival advocates of the Simplon and the St. Bernard routes suspend awhile their efforts and eloquence. Meanwhile, some light is thrown upon the "financing" of the already completed St. Gothard Tunnel. In spite of the liberal subventions accorded to it by the various Governments interested, it now appears that the cost of its construction exceeded the amount subscribed to the extent of nearly six millions of francs (£240,000); and as the Swiss Cantons and the Federal Government, equally with the railway company, repudiate their liability, the contractors may be forced to sue Mdlle. Favre, the representative of the engineer, Louis Favre, under whose direction this marvellous work was brought to a successful issue. The amount originally subscribed by the Swiss, German, and Italian Governments for the international tunnel was 85 millions of francs (£3,400,000), and at a subsequent period a further subsidy of 30 millions of francs (£1,200,000) was granted. It is contended, on behalf of the railway and others interested, that in no way can they be made responsible for the deficit, since the tunnel was in all respects a separate international undertaking. On the other hand, the Government urge that the excess of expenditure was due to M. Favre's determination to sink a shaft from the summit surface to the tunnel—an interesting solution of a difficult problem, but one to which the tax-payers could not be asked to contribute. Lastly, M. Favre's daughter pleads that the whole work was carried on under the supervision of qualified engineers representing the various guarantors, and that the shaft, having been wholly approved by them, was recognised by them as forming part of the general work. The probable outcome of this triangular duel is that the contractors will find themselves left face to face with the Zurich and Geneva capitalists who "financed" the tunnel in the first instance; and outsiders may look with great equanimity to the result, as, in either case, the losers will only have to renounce some of their previous profit.

The Grand Prix de Deauville, worth £868, was won this year (on the 16th inst.) by Baron L. De Hirsch's Althorp, an English horse belonging to a foreigner indeed, but a foreigner identified with the English turf. It will be remembered that Althorp, who is three years of age but was not engaged in the "classic" races, won the Great Metropolitan Stakes, like St. Albans, who went on to win the St. Leger. The Grand Prix de Deauville is worthy of notice as one of the few French races worth winning which are open to horses "de toute espèce et de tout pays"; that is how the great Tristan was able to run for it and win it three years in succession out of four attempts.

Among the blessings of Bank Holiday, as was revealed at the Police Court of Cardiff last week, may be included the excellent opportunity which is offered for escaping from a troublesome world by courting death on board an over-crowded steamer. Two "captains" were fined £10 and £20, respectively, for carrying more than the authorised number of passengers; and the "stipendiary" truly observed that it was "disgraceful, the public safety being endangered." In one case, in fact, more than 500 lives were imperilled; and, as the fine paid for this piece of recklessness was £20, or 400 shillings, we see how sacred a human life is held, being valued at a fraction over ninepence-halfpenny.



## THE LATE LORD HALIFAX.

Those who, being middle-aged or elderly, have watched the fortunes of political parties since the Ministry of Sir Robert Peel, and who remember Lord John Russell's Government of 1846, have not forgotten Sir Charles Wood, who in that year became Chancellor of the Exchequer, having filled subordinate offices under Lord Melbourne and Earl Grey. His abilities in that department were exercised under rather disadvantageous circumstances; but he had sound ideas of fiscal policy, which the country was not then prepared to accept. In Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet of 1853, Sir Charles Wood took the office of President of the Board of Control, to which the then existing Government of the East India Company was subject; he was First Lord of the Admiralty in Lord Palmerston's Ministry after the Crimean War; but in 1858, when Lord Palmerston again formed an Administration, and when the government of India had been transferred from the old Company to the Crown, Sir Charles Wood entered upon his long tenure of office as Secretary of State for India, which continued to February, 1866. He had, of course, a most difficult and complicated work to perform in restoring the finances of India after the terrible war of the Sepoy Mutiny, and in reorganising the native Indian Army, besides establishing a new system of government. The Legislative Council, the High Courts of Judicature, and considerable alterations in the Civil Service were introduced in his time; the Company's European army was amalgamated with that of the Queen, the construction of railways was vigorously undertaken, and much was done for the development of Indian prosperity; Sir John Lawrence being then Governor-General at Calcutta. Sir Charles Wood, who had inherited a Baronetcy, was raised to the Peerage on his retirement from office in 1866. He was Lord Privy Seal, in Mr. Gladstone's first Ministry, from 1870 to 1874, and continued afterwards to attend the House of Lords, taking part in the opposition to the Afghan War in 1878, but was never an effective speaker, though an able, diligent, and judicious statesman. He married, in 1829, Lady Mary, daughter of Earl Grey; and is now succeeded, dying in the eighty-fifth year of his age, by his eldest son, who is already well known as the Hon. C. L. Wood, President of the "English Church Union."

## THE LATE LORD HOUGHTON.

English men of letters, and that portion of society which takes an interest in the cultivation of literary taste, have lost a cordial and accomplished ally by the death of Lord Houghton, who was also, during the more active part of his life, a steadfast Liberal politician, and rendered useful service to various objects of social reform. Mr. Richard Monckton Milnes, born in 1809, was one of the most promising and pleasing of our minor poets, having gained his first reputation as the author of "Palm Leaves" and "Poems of Many Years," two volumes of lyrical verse, containing songs, of which some were set to music and achieved considerable popularity. In 1837, he was elected M.P. for Pontefract, and was a follower of Sir Robert Peel, whom he supported in the repeal of the Corn Laws. He afterwards joined Lord Russell's Party; and though he declined to take office under Lord Palmerston, he gave that Minister constant support. In 1863, he was called to the House of Lords with the title of Lord Houghton. He occupied himself chiefly with Foreign Affairs; and during the Polish insurrection of 1863, and the fruitless intervention with Russia on the part of England, France, and Austria, he spoke warmly and eloquently on behalf of the Poles. To Lord Houghton, moreover, is due the bill for the establishment of Juvenile Reformatories, which became law in 1846. Apart from his Parliamentary position, Lord Houghton held several public appointments. He was President of the Newspaper Press Fund and of the London Library; and in 1869 he assisted at the opening of the Suez Canal as representative of the Royal Geographical Society. His literary labours were not voluminous, but were distinguished by much grace of style, by neatness of finish, and by a tone of geniality and benevolence, which was characteristic of the author. One of the most important is his biography of Keats, with an edition of the poems and letters of that charming poet; in 1873, he published a volume of "Monographs," which were biographical essays, with personal reminiscences, concerning a few of his eminent contemporaries, amongst others, Heinrich Heine, Alexander von Humboldt, the Rev. Sydney Smith, Cardinal Wiseman, and Harriet Baring, Lady Ashburton, extending over nearly thirty years. Lord Houghton was always ready to take the chair at any public dinner given for the benefit of literary, dramatic, artistic, or philanthropic associations, and was one of the most agreeable and effective speakers upon such occasions.

## THE BOLAN PASS RAILWAY.

We present another illustration of the work now going on in the Bolan Pass, among the mountains west of Scinde, for the construction of a railway to the British military station of Quetta, towards the Afghan frontier. Some description of the Bolan Pass was given in our last. The Bolan River has, at a comparatively recent period, geologically speaking, cut its way through range after range of the hills. On its course are several large plains, evidently at one time the beds of fresh-water lakes. The bed of the river varies in width from 120 ft., as in the Khundalani Gorge, to half a mile. The river, mostly about 50 ft. wide, flows swiftly over the boulders it has carried down, which are of various sizes, but all rounded and water-worn. At different periods, the bed of the stream forks, reunites, or changes its exact course. The Bolan Road, eighty-five miles in length, from Rindli to Quetta, is formed in the low hills, along the side of the river-bed. It never rises very much above that level. It has been formed by blasting a shelf out of the solid rock; and, where the numerous water channels cross it, provision has been made for the water to escape by bridges, culverts, or causeways, over which the water rushes, never more than a foot deep, in the floods. It is proposed to span the river in the narrowest part of the gorge, at Khundalani, by a bridge. A considerable amount of blasting is necessary to form the abutments. One of the Sketches we published last week showed the explosion of 1200 lb. of powder, in three mines, at that place. The railway is being pushed along the bed of the stream, which it crosses sixteen times in the first ten miles. The crossing is done on crib bridges. Those at present laid satisfactorily stood the test of a sudden flood, in which the river rose about five feet in a few hours. The Sketch now presented shows the gang of coolies who follow the plate-laying gang. After the engine carrying material has passed forward to the "tip," or rail-head, they consolidate the permanent way, correct the gauge, spike down the chairs to the sleepers, and generally finish the line. The Sketches are by Lieutenant F. H. Oldfield, R.E.

An exhibition of English straw hat manufacture was opened by Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, at Luton, on Wednesday.

## THE COURT.

On Sunday morning the Queen and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princesses Irene and Alice of Hesse, and the members of the Royal household, attended Divine service at Osborne. Archdeacon Farrar, D.D., officiated. The Grand Duke of Hesse, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse, attended by Colonel Wernher and M. Muther, went on board the German frigate Niobe (Captain Schroeder), in Cowes Roads, and attended Divine service on board. The Princess of Wales and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales visited the Queen, and took leave of her Majesty. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg dined with the Prince and Princess of Wales, on board her Majesty's yacht Osborne. It is stated that the Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, will leave Osborne on Tuesday next, arriving at Balmoral on Wednesday afternoon. Preparations are being made at Balmoral and Abergeldie in view of the Royal visit. There has been sent to Balmoral from Aberdeen a beautifully modelled lady's park phaeton and set of double harness, the gift of the tenantry on the Royal estates on Upper Deeside to the Princess. The reception of the newly-wedded couple will be of a truly Highland character. There will be a torchlight procession, and, besides the tenantry, a body-guard of Highland gillies will take part in the rejoicings. The Duchess of Albany will arrive at Abergeldie this week, and will remain there during the autumn.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince George and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, arrived at Marlborough House on Monday morning from Cowes. Prince Edward, attended by Captain the Hon. A. Greville, likewise arrived at Marlborough House from Aldershot. The Prince and Princess, Prince George, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud witnessed the performance of "Never Too Late To Mend," at Drury-Lane Theatre. On Tuesday the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught (accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, and the Grand Duke of Hesse) proceeded to Aldershot Camp to make an inspection on Wednesday of the corps of which they are, respectively, Colonels-in-Chief—the 10th (Prince of Wales's Own Royal) Hussars, in which Prince Albert Victor is doing duty as a Lieutenant, and the Rifle Brigade (Prince Consort's Own). The Prince and Princess, with their daughters, have left for the Continent. Prince Albert Victor has not, as has been stated, made a claim to be placed on the Parliamentary register for the borough of Cambridge, whether as a lodger or as the occupier of rooms at Trinity College; but the name of his Royal Highness has been placed on the St. Michael's parish list (Division 2) by the assistant overseer, who obtained the name with others from the authorities of Trinity College in the usual way. The actual entry stands thus:—"His Royal Highness Prince Edward, Trinity College, rooms, Trinity College."

Princess Christian last Saturday, at the Guildhall, distributed the prizes and certificates to those who had passed the recent examination in connection with the City and Port of London District Ambulance Classes.

Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne left Kensington Palace yesterday week for the Continent; the Duke of Cambridge left Gloucester House, Park-lane, last week, for Kissingen; and Prince and Princess Philip of Saxe-Coburg left London on Sunday morning for the Continent.

## FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of Lord Manners and Miss Constance Fane, of Clovelly Court, was celebrated at Clovelly, North Devon, on the 12th inst. The bridegroom is Master of the Quorn Hounds, and late of the Grenadier Guards. The bridesmaids were Miss Hamlyn Fane and Miss Christine Fane, sisters of the bride; the Hon. Ethel Manners and the Hon. Mildred Manners, sisters of the bridegroom; and Lady Frances and Lady Gertrude Fane, cousins of the bride. The Hon. A. Manners, brother of the bridegroom, acted as best man.

Lord Coleridge and Miss Amy Augusta Jackson, the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Henry Baring Lawford, of the Bengal Civil Service, were married, on the 14th inst., by special license, at 42, Victoria-road, Kensington, the residence of the bride's mother.

The marriage of Captain Henry Streatfeild, Grenadier Guards, eldest son of Colonel Streatfeild, of Chiddingstone, Kent, and the Lady Florence Anson, eldest daughter of the Earl of Lichfield, was solemnised in St. Mark's Church, North Audley-street, last Saturday morning, a number of relatives and friends assembling at the church soon after eleven o'clock. Captain Streatfeild was accompanied by Mr. Douglas Dawson as best man; and the bride was attended by the Ladies Beatrice and Maud Anson (her sisters), Miss Ruby and Miss Ivy Streatfeild (sisters), and Miss Joan Marion Nevill and Master Gilbert Reginald Nevill (niece and nephew of the bridegroom), the little boy acting as page. The bride came with the Earl of Lichfield, her father, punctually at half-past eleven o'clock. The service was choral, Lord Lichfield giving his daughter away. On leaving the church the wedding party went to Hampden House, Green-street, where the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, both of whom were present at the ceremony, entertained the party at breakfast.

Marriages are arranged between the Earl of Mayo and Miss Geraldine Ponsonby, daughter of the Hon. Gerald and Lady Maria Ponsonby; between the Hon. Charles Colville, Grenadier Guards, eldest son of Lord Colville, and Miss Streatfeild, daughter of Colonel Streatfeild, of Chiddingstone, Kent; and between Mr. Gordon Russell, eldest son of Lieutenant-General Lord Alexander Russell, commanding the troops in Canada, and Miss Commerell, eldest daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir Edmund Commerell, Commander-in-Chief of the North American and West Indian stations.

The work of the Northern Division of Artillery Volunteers at Shoeburyness concluded on Thursday week. In the competition with the 10-inch gun some splendid practice was made, the three prizes going to detachments scoring the highest possible number of points, the only difference between them being the time in firing the three rounds. At the inspection, Colonel Nairne congratulated the men on their conduct and improved shooting. With regard to Repository, he cautioned them against too much hurry.—In the course of Saturday last the Artillery Volunteers of the southern division arrived at Shoeburyness. After church parade on Sunday, Colonel Lewes, R.A., addressed a few words to the men on discipline, reprimanding some of them for noisy behaviour on the preceding evening.—Last Saturday the last of the more important Volunteer camps of the year opened at Upnor, near Chatham, for a fortnight's instruction of parties of engineers from all parts of the country. The corps represented in the camp are those of Bristol, Gloucester, Birkenhead, Liverpool, Leeds, the City of London, Middlesex, the Tower Hamlets, Newcastle, and Jarrow, Aberdeen, and Glasgow. To-day (Saturday) most of the detachments will be changed in regard to the individuals composing them; but one or two will leave the camp entirely, the only new detachment being that supplied by the Flintshire Company.

## MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

## AT HONOLULU.

The *Daily Telegraph* of the 14th inst. publishes a long letter from Mr. George Augustus Sala, in which he describes his passage from San Francisco to Honolulu and his experiences in Hawaii. Mr. Sala says:—"It is a matter of etiquette to be continually crying 'Aloha!' while you are at Honolulu. Not being skilled in the Hawaiian tongue, I am unable to state what may be the exact signification of 'Aloha!' but I take it to be a convertible term for the American 'Bully for you'; for the French 'On dirait du veau'; for the Italian 'Viva la bella famiglia'; and for the English 'All serene.' Honolulu is serene than ever was the 'Serenissima' Republic of Venice. It is the loveliest spot that these eyes have yet gazed upon—lovelier than Sorrento, lovelier than Ventnor, lovelier than the view of the Thames from the terrace of the Star and Garter at Richmond, lovelier than Jackson-square, New Orleans, by moonlight. Honolulu is a terrestrial Paradise, but with, alas! a fell serpent lurking among its loveliness—Aloha!" Mr. Sala was the bearer of presents from Baroness Burdett-Coutts to the King of the Sandwich Islands. He thus describes his reception at Honolulu, and his eventual arrival at the palace:—"It was an odd and far from unpleasant surprise, so soon as the Australia had come to her moorings, to find her boarded by a number of gentlemen in European dress—as European dress is understood in the vicinity of the tropics—who, after violently shaking hands, took me at once into abiding custody. I had never seen any one of them before, in all probability I shall never see any one of them again; but they were all exceedingly kind. They all seemed to be thoroughly well acquainted with the object of my mission, and they certainly made my four and a half hours' stay in the Sandwich Islands a very happy one. Four and a half hours! I should have liked to stay a month, and I am sure that I had at least half a dozen invitations to 'lie over till the next steamer touched, and have a high old time'; but Captain Ghest was necessarily inexorable. Aloha! So I was amicably hustled into a waggonette, in the company, if I remember aright, of an estimable Protestant clergyman, a couple of editors, a sugar-planter, and the Postmaster-General of the Hawaiian Kingdom. Whither my friends in the waggonette intended to carry me I am sure that I do not know; but it was only after a number of piteous appeals on my part, and meek entreaties that I should be able to liberate my soul from the burden of the presents from the Baroness to the King, that I was temporarily released from custody, or, the rather, handed over to another set of amicable alguacils, who shunted me, so to speak, into a buggy drawn by two high-spirited horses, and driven by a full-bearded gentleman of unmistakably American extraction, in which vehicle I was conveyed to the Royal palace." Mr. Sala gives some account of the Hawaiian Royal palace and the "commodious wooden bungalow in the palace grounds," where the King usually resides, and he describes his Majesty David Laamea Kalakaua. In less than half an hour he arrived "at a full knowledge of the fact that the Hawaiian kingdom is politically, commercially, and socially 'bossed' by the United States of America, and by the State of California in particular." After a gracious interview with the King, Mr. Sala went on his way rejoicing, to fall speedily into the hands of his waggonette friends:—"I should have dearly longed to have a quiet saunter—an observant prowl—through the leafy lanes which form the streets of Honolulu; but my genially imperious friends of the waggonette would not hear of anything of that kind. I must ride. I must be driven by that tall, full-bearded Jehu of Transatlantic aspect. The consequence was that I saw Honolulu not as in a glass darkly, but under what I may term kaleidoscopic circumstances. It was a splendid day, and the sun was shining gloriously, although far away in a valley we could see the purple clouds pouring down huge sheets of rain. On the right there was the blue sea—calm to day, majestic, imperturbable; but in the foreground on either side it was one almost maddening succession of kaleidoscopic panoramas. Now whole groves of the cocoa-nut palm; now leafy thickets blazing with the almost indescribably superb scarlet Bougainvilliers; then groves of cacti and prickly pear; then hedges bursting forth in brilliant flowers; then trim market-gardens, delightful in their greenery, laid out by Chinese gardeners. Speedily, more kaleidoscopic fragments of pictures flitted across my field of vision. . . . And so we came at last to a beautiful bungalow—a fishing villa, I was told, with a landing-stage jutting out into the blue sea. And here we found ladies and gentlemen, an elegant collation, Heideck's Dry Monopole—or was it Pommery and Greno?—in 'spuming chalices.' There, too, we found, not only a hearty welcome, but polite conversation—the society small talk of London and Paris, of New York and Washington and San Francisco. I rubbed for a moment the eyes of my mind, and wondered for a moment where I was. . . . Then I remember that I am at Honolulu; in the Sandwich Islands. Aloha!"

## SYDNEY IN A DREAM.

Under the heading "The Land of the Golden Fleece: Sydney in a Dream," the *Daily Telegraph* of Tuesday last gives another of Mr. Sala's racy letters, in which he describes his arrival at Sydney, and gives some of his experiences there. The hospitable and kind-hearted citizens, he says, took possession of him, and made his waking hours in that city "one brilliant but chaotic dream." We regret that space cannot be found for the entire letter; but we must give the concluding paragraph:—

"Again I have a dream of a convention on the first day of my landing in a handsome apartment at the Townhall, of the popping of more champagne corks, and of the delivery of speeches by his Worship Mayor Playfair and other grave and reverend seigniors. Again my dream changes, and I find myself racing about Sydney in a hansom, delivering at clubs and public offices letters of introduction with which I have been favoured by friends in England. The night comes at last, the season generally considered most appropriate to dreaming between the sheets; but I am destined to dream more dreams, seated or on my legs. I have a vision of being a guest at a literary *réunion*, the Athenæum Club of Sydney; of consuming an excellent dinner, comprising kangaroo-tail soup, venison from Tasmania, and the famous black-duck of the country, and of subsequently listening to some very brilliant oratory from the most conspicuous personages of the colony of New South Wales. And at last I fell into a chaotic trance composed of hansom cabs, the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, 'with three times three and all the honours,' champagne sweet and champagne dry, ice pudding, old madeira, mild cigars, 'Rule Britannia,' 'Auld Lang Syne,' and 'God Save the Queen' as a wind-up. It was a dream, no doubt, I say to myself, as I wake up next morning, refreshed by slumber, and without a headache. It was a dream, but still one that I would very willingly dream over again. The evening's entertainment bore the morning's reflection, and the staple of my reflections amount to this, that I had travelled many thousands of miles to find myself—total stranger in the land as I was—quite at home, and that this newest of new countries was in a hundred essentials the very counterpart of Old England."





S. J. Dadd.

1. Jones always liked a game dog; so he agreed with Cropper to buy The Slasher.

2. Mrs. Crump, Jones's landlady, refuses to admit The Slasher.

3. Cropper retires; but remarks he "aint to be done by an old 'ooman."

4. What the sack contained.

5. Cropper explains his plan.

6. Transfers the contents of his sack to Mrs. Crump's coal-cellar, while Jones keeps watch.

7. Matilda makes a discovery on going to get up coals.

8. "Rats!"

9. "Rats, Mrs. Crump! I'll fetch Cropper's dog; he'll settle them."

10. The Slasher in his element.

11. Mrs. Crump is so impressed by The Slasher's performance that she says he "must stop."

12. And they become firm friends.

A DOG-FANCIER'S STRATEGY.





AT THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON CLUB, COWES.



## PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Aug. 18.

A grand patriotic ceremony took place at Le Mans on Sunday, when the monument to the memory of General Chanzy and the Army of the Loire was unveiled. It appears that the fête was not to the taste of the Radicals of Le Mans, who were embarrassed in their electoral plans by this statue of a General who was an Opportunist, and whose name recalls the Government of the National Defence, Gambetta, and all that was and is Opportunism or Left-Centre. One of these local politicians objected to the erection of a statue to a vanquished General. However, the local malcontents failed to make their voices heard amidst the acclamations which greeted the unveiling of the sculptor Croisy's fine monument. It appears also that the boisterous patriot M. Paul Déroulède, President of the League of Patriots—motto, "Qui vive!"—was to have made an incendiary speech summoning all the gymnastic clubs and shooting societies of France not to forget the Prussian foe. The Ministry refused to authorise M. Déroulède to speak, thereby intimating that prudence is the first rule of enlightened patriotism. Alsace and Lorraine were not mentioned, but they were none the less in everybody's mind. The great speech of the day, that of Admiral Jauréguiberry, was a barely polite castigation of France for slackness in civic and patriotic duties, and a protestation against the theories of those who seek to destroy in France the love of arms, and the noble sentiment of abnegation and devotion to the fatherland, which once made France the arbiter of Europe.

The General Councils met yesterday in all the departments of France. For the better comprehension of the forthcoming political struggle the reader will remember that the administrative divisions and sub-divisions of France are the department, the arrondissement, and the commune, each having its council. The canton is a group of several communes, which serves as the unity or basis for elections to the departmental and district councils. This year the session of the General Councils has special interest, because, apart from their settlement of local business, the General Councils serve as a basis for powerful political propaganda. The candidates for Parliament are nearly all members of these councils, and the occasion of their meeting is invariably taken advantage of to prepare programmes and lists; and so, during the coming week, we may expect much speechifying. Of the present Chamber of 511 deputies, 245 are members of the General Councils, and out of this number 187 are Republicans.

The Fédération Socialiste des Femmes is vainly endeavouring to make a list of feminine candidates for the forthcoming elections. "La belle Séverine" the friend of Jules Vallès, has refused the proffered honour; the citoyenne Paule Mink, a fervent fighter for woman's rights, has likewise refused. The honour is, indeed, more ridiculous than perilous.

Pel, the clockmaker, has been again found guilty of poisoning and burning in a kitchen range his servant-maid Elisa Boehmer. It will be remembered that a Paris jury found Pel guilty a few months ago, but the verdict was invalidated on the ground of the irregular position of one of the jurymen. The new trial took place at Melun. Pel persisted in declaring his innocence, and the jury, reflecting that there was no positive proof against Pel, brought in extenuating circumstances, and so the mysterious clockmaker, who is a consummate comedian if he is not a victim of error, was condemned to hard labour for life, and not to death.

Prince Waldemar, son of the King of Denmark, is now in Paris. The Prince is shortly to marry the Princess Marie D'Orléans, daughter of the Comte De Paris. Some of the Royalist papers speak of this marriage as a masterly stroke of matrimonial statecraft, and point out the fact that the handsome blond Prince Waldemar is son, brother, brother-in-law of Kings. By his marriage he will become son-in-law of a pretender. What excess of honours!

T. C.

The official bulletin issued on Tuesday morning shows a diminution of the cholera in Spain, the decrease in the number of cases from that of the previous day being 889, and in deaths 404.

An electoral reform bill was passed by the Belgian Representative Chamber, on the 12th inst., by a large majority; and on the 13th the Chamber adjourned *sine die*, after having adopted, by 54 to 18 votes, the bill relating to the paying off of the Grand Luxembourg Railway shares, and furthermore resolving to postpone to next session the discussion of the bill regarding the taxation of woollen thread and cotton tissues.—King Leopold has officially informed the Ministers that he has assumed the title of Sovereign of the Independent State of the Congo. The International Railway Congress at Brussels, after several days' discussion and excursions to Antwerp, Charleroi, Seraing, and Liège, was closed last Saturday by a grand banquet, at which all the members of the Cabinet and Diplomatic Body were present. In commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the introduction of railways into Belgium, a grand historical procession, nearly a mile in length, went through Brussels on Sunday. It represented modes of conveyance from the earliest times to the present, and was closed by a faithful reproduction of the first train from Brussels to Malines in 1835, on which occasion George Stephenson was present. The procession lasted six hours.—The International jury at the Antwerp Fine Arts Exhibition has awarded distinctions to the following English painters:—Sir F. Leighton, the medal of honour; Mr. G. F. Watts, the medal of the first class; Mr. P. R. Morris, the medal of the third class; and Mr. H. A. Moore, an honourable mention.—The season at Ostend is now in full swing; and as the much-dreaded cholera is far removed from this beautiful watering-place, the town is thronged with visitors. The grand sweep of sea-line, and the almost incomparable stretch of sand, combine to make it a charming bathing-place—a delightful summer resort.

The German Emperor arrived in Potsdam on the 13th inst. from Salzburg, in excellent health. On Tuesday his Majesty unveiled a statue there to Frederick William I. of Prussia, in the presence of the entire garrison, numbering 5000 men. His Majesty remained on foot nearly an hour.—The Congress for the Reform and Codification of International Law met at Hamburg on Tuesday.

The Emperor of Austria on Sunday travelled from Ischl to Gmünden to visit the King and Queen of Denmark and the King of Greece. His Imperial Majesty completed his fifty-fifth year on Tuesday. The principal members of the Imperial family were assembled at Ischl to keep his Majesty's birthday. The King and Queen of Denmark and the King of Greece travelled from Gmünden to offer their congratulations.—The christening of the infant son of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland took place at Gmünden last Saturday. The Kings of Denmark and Greece stood sponsors, and the service was performed by the Rev. R. Grove, of Christ Church, Hanover.—The date of the arrival of the Austrian Emperor and Empress at Kromsier Castle is fixed for the 24th inst. The Czar and Czarina will join them a few hours later on the same day. The meeting will last barely two days—their Austrian Majesties

leaving on the evening of the 25th, the Emperor Francis Joseph proceeding to the manoeuvres near Pilsen, in Bohemia, and the Empress returning to Schönbrunn.—The concerts given by the Vienna Choral Society at the Philharmonic and at the Cirque Renz, Berlin, were enormously attended. The members of the Society repaired on Monday to the Castle of Babelsberg, where a concert was given in the presence of the Emperor and the Empress.—The exhibition at Buda-Pesth has been visited by over 880,000 persons. There is a grand lottery in connection with the show, and a present of one hundred tickets will be made to the lucky individual who shall be the millionth to pass the turnstiles. The first prize in the lottery will be 100,000 florins.—The Austrian National Rifle Meeting at Salzburg was brought to a close on Monday.

The betrothal of Prince Waldemar of Denmark with the Princess Marie of Orleans, eldest daughter of the Duc de Chartres, will be celebrated at the Royal residence of Fredensborg on Sept. 7, the birthday of the Queen of Denmark. The Emperor and Empress of Russia, the King and Queen of Greece, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland will be at Fredensborg in honour of the occasion.—Professor Worsaae, the well-known archaeologist, formerly Danish Minister of Public Education, and Director of the Royal Chronological Museum at Rosenborg, died suddenly last Saturday afternoon. He was born in 1821, and was the author of various books bearing especially on the Danish and Norman conquest of England.

On the 12th inst. there was a grand parade at the camp of Krasnoe Selo, and on the 13th a parade of all the troops before the Emperor. On the 13th began the manoeuvres, which lasted until Wednesday last. On Sunday there were races, in which about 500 officers took part.—Works for constructing a direct ship canal between the Caspian Sea and Fort Michailoff, the starting-point of the Trans-Caspian railway, have been commenced near Krasnovodsk.

## AT COWES IN THE YACHTING SEASON.

The performances of the Royal Yacht Squadron, the Victoria Yacht Club, and other associations of nautical sport and amateur skill, have during the past two weeks enlivened the fair waters of the Solent, as is customary at this time of the year. West Cowes is the resort of much fashionable company upon these annual occasions; and ladies find it pleasant to sit on a balcony, a terrace, or a grassy lawn, accompanied by gentlemen who understand the science of yachting, or who can at least tell them how to distinguish cutters from schooners. To watch a prolonged sailing-match for several hours is perhaps too great a trial of patience, and is certainly more tedious than a cricket-match at Lord's, while the contest itself is much less exciting than that of the course at Ascot or Goodwood. But the refreshing sea air, the bright sunlit scene before their eyes, the absence of dust and noise, and the opportunity of quiet conversation, make the situation at Cowes more than tolerable in the estimation of fair spectators on the pleasant island shore.

Thanks to Messrs. Boosey and Co., two hours were pleasantly spent on Wednesday afternoon in the music-room of the International Inventions Exhibition, listening to a recital on some of the wind instruments of this well-known firm, by Messrs. Chaudoir, Lebon, Spencer, Mann, and Wotton. Solos were also played.

It affords us particular pleasure to notice that a gratifying tribute has been paid to the pluck shown by Lieutenant Walter H. Ingram during the late Soudan Expedition. Already praised with sailor-like warmth by Lord Charles Beresford for the signal service he rendered in working the gun on board the dashing little steamer which rescued Sir Charles Wilson's party, near Khartoum, Lieutenant Ingram the other day had the satisfaction of being presented by the commanding officer of the regiment to which he belongs, the Middlesex Yeomanry, with the medal awarded to him by the Royal Humane Society for his bravery in rescuing Engineer Mitchell from drowning in the Dal rapids of the Nile.

## BIRTH.

On the 17th inst., at South Park, Cove, Dumbartonshire, the wife of J. C. Rogers, Valparaiso, of a son.

\* \* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

**THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE,** completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

**ANNO DOMINI, THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY,** and "The Chosen Five," by EDWIN LONG, R.A. These celebrated Pictures, with other Works, are ON VIEW at the GALLERIES, 105, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

**MONTE CARLO.—SUMMER SEASON.** The series of the Extraordinary Musical Entertainments having terminated with the Winter Season, the usual Concerts, directed by Mr. Romeo Accursi, will be continued daily until further notice.

## SEA-BATHING AT MONACO.

Villas and Private Houses and Apartments for every taste, and at every price. The beach, like that of Trouville, is covered with the softest sand, and at the Grand Hotel des Bains comfortable apartments, with board, for families, can be had at reasonable prices.

**DOVER AND OSTEND LINE.—Accelerated Conveyance** of the Travellers from London to Brussels (9½ hours), to Cologne (15 hours), to Berlin (26 hours), to Vienna (39 hours), to Milan, via the St. Gothard (35 hours), and to every great city on the Continent; also to the East, via Brindisi (83 hours). Single and Return Through Tickets at very reduced fares (54lb. of Luggage gratis). On board of the Mails, Beds against Sea-Sickness, Refreshments, Private Cabins, Stewardesses, &c. Two Services daily, in correspondence with the International Mail and Express Trains. Direct German Carriages and Sleeping-Cars. Agencies—at London, 63, Gracechurch-street; at Dover, 3, Strand-street; at Ostend; at Brussels, 90, Montagne de la Cour; at Cologne, 12, Domhof; at Berlin, Vienna, Milan, &c. Daily Conveyance of Ordinary and Specie Parcels.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MR. WILSON BARRETT,** Lessee and Manager, EVERY EVENING, at Eight o'clock, will be enacted a New Play, in four acts and fourteen scenes, by Henry A. Jones and Wilson Barrett, entitled **HOODMAN BLIND**. New scenery by Messrs. W. Hann and T. E. Ryan. Incidental music and overture by Mr. Edward Jones. Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Characters by Messrs. Wilson Barrett, E. S. Willard, C. Cooper, E. Price, G. Walton, C. Hudson, C. Fulton, Evans, Bernage, Elliott, Cliffe, De Solia, Carson, Ambler, &c., and George Barrett: Miss Eastlake, Mesdames Bentley, Cooke, Becke, t. Belmonte, Wilson, Garth, Clitheroe, &c. Prices: Private Boxes, £1 1s. to 25s. For Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 5s.; Upper boxes, 3s. Box-office open from 9.30 to Five. No fees of any kind. Doors open at 7.30. Carriages at Eleven.—Business Manager, Mr. J. H. Cobbe.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.** THE COOLEST PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN LONDON. THE NEW AND DELIGHTFUL ENTERTAINMENT OF THE WORLD-FAMED

**MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS** ALL THROUGH THE SUMMER. EVERY NIGHT, AT EIGHT. And on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY AFTERNOONS at Three as well. Doors open at 2.30 and 7. Tickets and places at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, from 9.30 to 7. No fees of any description.

**THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W.** Lighted by Electricity. Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE. EVERY EVENING, at Eight, will be played the Comedietta, by C. M. Rae, FIRST IN THE FIELD. Followed by, at Nine, the very successful Farical Play, in Three Acts, by R. C. Carter and R. C. Balegill, called **THE GREAT PEAK**. PEAK, sec. dec. papers. Doors open at Eight. Box-office open from 9.30 to Five. No fees of any kind. Doors open at 7.30. Carriages at Eleven.—Business Manager and Treasurer, Mr. W. H. GRIFFITHS.

## THE CHURCH.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has gone abroad for a few weeks' rest.

The Convocations of the Provinces of Canterbury and York have been prorogued to Monday, Nov. 2.

The Bishop of Worcester has started clergy pension and insurance funds for the Archdeacons of Coventry and Worcester by the contribution of £1000.

The Rev. John Wordsworth, Fellow of Brasenose, and Oriel Professor of the Interpretation of Holy Scripture in the University of Oxford, has accepted the Bishopric of Salisbury, in succession to the late Dr. Moberly.

Lord Lonsborough will add a new east window of stained glass to Lonsborough church, to commemorate the coming of age of the Hon. Ernest Denison. The window is to be in Perpendicular style, with five lights and rich tracery, and the chief subject is the Crucifixion.

A garden fête was held on the 12th inst. at Mount Edgcombe, in aid of the Truro Cathedral Internal Fittings Fund, some 3000 people being present. The Earl of Mount-Edgcombe and his family did all in their power to make the sales of work a success.

Mr. H. M. Paget, whose portrait of the Rev. Dr. Bright, of Oxford, was exhibited at the Royal Academy Exhibition this year, has recently finished an equally successful one of Canon Liddon. The Dean of Winchester and some other Church dignitaries are sitting to this artist.

The Prince of Leiningen, Admiral Commander-in-Chief at the Nore, on Tuesday opened a fancy bazaar, representing an old English market-place, at the Victoria Hall, Sheerness, in aid of the Restoration Fund of Holy Trinity Church. The Princess of Leiningen and a fashionable assemblage were present.

The Bishop (Coadjutor) for the Chaplaincies of Northern Europe administered the rite of confirmation to fourteen candidates at Christ Church, Dieppe, on Sunday, Aug. 9. Christ Church has become very popular, not only with the seamen frequenting the port, for whose use more especially it was opened, in 1883, by Bishop Alford, but also with the English residents and visitors of Dieppe generally.

A reopening service took place yesterday week at St. Vedast's Church, Foster-lane, Cheapside, which had been closed for internal reconstruction since June last. The edifice is the parish church of the Saddlers' Company, and the 14th being the anniversary of their charter, was selected as the day for reopening, when the members of the company attended in their robes. The service was conducted by the Rector, the Rev. Dr. Sparrow, several members of the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral taking part in the musical portions. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Rudge, chaplain to the company.

The Bishop of Rochester has written a long letter to the lay members of his Diocesan Conference upon the impending conflict for the disestablishment of the Church of England. He is of opinion that, with disestablishment, Paganism would soon recover its ancient and sinister significance, the Church's work would have to be done from missionary centres of celibate clergy, the sick would be left to die without consolation, and the entire country would suffer. All the Church schools would go, and there would be free, perhaps secular, Board schools in their place. In conclusion, the Bishop suggests several methods by which the attack can be best repelled.

The Archbishop of York has preferred the Ven. Archdeacon Crosthwaite to the important living of Bolton Percy, Yorkshire. The Bishop of London has appointed the Rev. Edward Cecil Coney, who has been Curate there for nearly eleven years, and was formerly Vicar of Highbridge, Somerset, to the living of St. John the Evangelist, Red Lion-square, Holborn, in succession to the Rev. W. T. Thornhill Webber, translated to the Bishopric of Brisbane. Lord Aveland, the patron of the living of Rippindale, Lincolnshire, estimated to be of the present annual value of £1000, has presented it to the Rev. William Wright Layng, M.A., Vicar of Spilsby, Lincolnshire. The Rev. John R. Eyre, Incumbent of St. Michael's, Toxteth Park, and Rural Dean, has been appointed by the Bishop of Liverpool to be honorary Canon of Liverpool—this appointment making up the full complement of hon. Canons prescribed by the Liverpool Bishopric Act. The Bishop of Ripon has appointed Mr. T. Greenwood Teale, of Leeds, and Mr. F. D. Wise, of Ripon, joint registrars of the diocese. He has also appointed Mr. Wise county secretary, in succession to his father, who held that post during the episcopates of Bishops Longley and Bickersteth.

In London last week 2885 births and 1472 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births exceeded by 341, while the deaths were 151 below, the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

Sir James W. Pease, M.P., has returned 15 per cent of their last half-year's rents to his agricultural tenants; and Baron Ferdinand De Rothschild has remitted 15 per cent of rents on his Buckingham estates for the next three years.

At a public meeting held at Carnarvon on Tuesday, it was decided that the National Eisteddfod of Wales should be held there next year. Arrangements were made for its formal proclamation at Aberdare next week, and a guarantee fund, headed by the Mayor, was opened.

The manoeuvres at Aldershot, in which some 8000 Volunteers were engaged with the regular troops, terminated last Saturday. A divisional order has been issued by the Lieutenant-General commanding expressing his appreciation of the good conduct and discipline of the several Volunteer battalions who took part in these operations.

At the Royal Victoria Yacht Club Regatta at Ryde, the Town Cup, for which seven yachts, all but one being cutters, competed, was won by the Irex; and the race for yachts of the C class, sailed in cruising trim and steered by a member of a Royal yacht club, by the Vega. The Challenge Cup, value £100, was won by the Irex. The second race for the club prize of £50 was won by the Constance, which came in second to the Erycina, but saved her time, and was therefore awarded the prize. The Queen Mab, a cutter of 10 tons, won the prize given by the Nore Yacht Club for yachts not exceeding 40 tons, thus following up her success in winning the Commodore's Cup of the Royal Victoria Club, the race for which was not decided until after midnight on Friday. The principal prize given by the Nore Yacht Club was won by the Irex.—The Regatta of the Royal Albert Yacht Club, at Southsea, commenced on Monday. The first and principal race of the day was for the Albert Cup. The Marjorie came in first, closely followed by the Irex. The first prize for the second race was won by the Neptune. There were four other races of a minor character.—An ample programme was provided on Tuesday, there being five distinct races, and eleven prizes, ranging in value from £40 down to £10. The race for the Portsmouth Town Cup was won by the Tara, a 40-ton cutter, subject to a protest from the Marjorie for going on the wrong side of a buoy. The important race for the four prizes of £40, £30, £25, and £10 was not expected to conclude until a late hour at night.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

Up to a certain point, the new play, fancifully called "Hoodman Blind"—the old English and Shakspearean term for the game of "Blindman's Buff"—is one of the prettiest, most picturesque, and unartificial of the many excellent dramas successively produced by Wilson Barrett. In framing a pastoral play, in which the joys and sorrows, the jealousies and distresses, the crime and temptations, of the yeoman farmer and the village community shall be depicted, the manager of the Princess's Theatre could have selected no better writer for the stage than Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. If Mr. G. R. Sims has devoted his life, energy, and rare powers of observation on the streets, the courts, and alleys of a great city, Mr. Jones has been equally observant of the hearts that beat under velvet waistscoats, and the dramas of daily life that are enacted under the peaceful shadows of some old-fashioned country farm. Long ago, in his pure little domestic sketches, his scenes of clerical life, and more recently in his excellent comedy called "Saints and Sinners," Mr. Jones has shown his familiarity with and appreciation of the tragedy and the humour of pure country life. The bronze-faced young farmer, who has been a bit of a scamp, over-indulgent in libations of ale at the village beer-house, but converted to respectability by a winsome wife, the "mother of the sweetest little babe that ever crowded for kisses"; the grey-faced and middle-aged land-agent, who is nursing the revenge that has eaten into his heart when his friend, the handsome young farmer, stole from him the girl he loved; the rascally old curmudgeon who gloats over mortgage deeds, and is never so happy as when he is selling up some bankrupt yeoman, or turning a reckless fellow out of his ancestral estates; the chattering, good-hearted, plain-spoken blacksmith, who has married the belle of the village, and is sensitively jealous of the prior claims to his wife's hand of a companion at the forge; the deft old dodderer, who publishes the village scandal from his mumbling and toothless gums; the rustic butcher, ever accompanied by his faithful apron and cleaver; the women, young and old, who chatter at the well over some fair sinner's fall, just as the maidens in "Faust" discussed Margaret's sin;—all these types and pictures come fresh from the sympathetic hand of a dramatist who inclines to imagination rather than to realism. So Mr. Jones and Mr. Wilson Barrett are at home together in the charming English village of Abbot's Creslow, picturesque in its isolation, and honest in its Buckinghamshire customs. Jack Yeulett, the hero of the play, is the handsome young farmer, the reformed rake and the happy married man. He is at peace with himself, and in amity with his neighbours. Clouds of impending sorrow hang over his little farm, and the evil land-agent threatens to sell him up; but he keeps a stout, brave heart under his broad waistcoat, and makes a passionate appeal for the old home that he loves, thoroughly worthy of a conservative working-man. But his best friend is his worst enemy. Mark Lezzard has never forgiven the young farmer for taking from him the girl he loved, and his revenge takes a dastardly form. By the merest accident in the world, two tramps come to the village, a handsome gipsy and his paramour; and the gipsy girl bears such an extraordinary resemblance to Jack Yeulett's pretty wife that the jealous Mark conceives the idea of bribing the stranger to make love, in order that the honest farmer may believe that his young wife is false to him. The plan succeeds only too well. Excited by drink, and over-persuaded by the villain at his side, the farmer is led to the spot where the decoy lovers are embracing in the moonlight, and, frenzied by the agony of the sight, Jack rushes home in despair to ruin and shatter his household gods. No reflection aids him now. No explanation of wife, no thought of child, checks the mad career of his passion; and, after a fine scene of tragic jealousy, the peace of the village is fled, the farm is broken up, and husband and wife depart on their separate paths alone. There is nothing extravagant or unnatural in this. It is a well-painted and truthful picture; and had the drama been allowed to finish as well as it started, "Hoodman Blind" might have been pronounced as fresh and as admirable a play as has been presented on the modern stage in recent times.

But Mr. Jones is not quite so familiar with London as with the country. When he gets to the "Rats' Roost" and to "Twite's Cosey"; to the arches of the sad London river, where crippled urchins sleep in dogs' barrels; to the "flash" public-houses, where heartless vagabonds insult the women who have trusted them, and drive sad creatures to their death, we feel that the dramatist is working with uncongenial material. We fear that it has been represented to him—these silly theories are so often propagated—that a drama cannot possibly be popular unless low life is generously introduced by way of contrast. It looks as if he had been over-persuaded into the idea that drunken swells, with white shirt-fronts, on the Thames Embankment, are essential to the well-being of modern melodrama, and that London "character" is conveyed by such preposterous and inartistic caricatures as the "Old Soldier," who, if he ever existed, would be hooted off the streets as a scarecrow. The third act is the weak point of the play. In it we have to be told that the farmer's wife is starving in London, and obtaining a miserable pittance for herself and child by selling Buckinghamshire lace; that the farmer is eating his heart out in company with London vagabonds, but protecting a sad little cripple in memory of his lost "Kit," for whom he grieves; and, of course, it is essential at this point of the story that truth shall shine out from the murky clouds. The truth of Nance's innocence is conveyed to Jack from two different directions. First of all, the cripple recognises the photograph in Jack's pocket as the "counterfeit presentment" of a wandering gipsy woman; and, secondly, when the farmer in despair rushes out to drown himself off the Embankment, he succeeds in rescuing the very woman who has been bribed to personate his wife. From the lips of the repentant and dying "waif," Jack Yeulett learns that he has injured the reputation of the truest and best woman in the world. So he hurries back to Abbot's Creslow to punish the arch villain who has ruined his life. He longs to get his fingers round the throat of Mark Lezzard, the author of all his misery. It cannot, however, be said that he punishes his enemy in a very dignified or heroic fashion. To drag a man by the collar into the market-place, to excite the populace up to fury with passionate speech and gesture, and then to throw him into the midst of men armed to the teeth, may be a very natural proceeding, but it is a very brutal one. The English farmer, with his fists and his muscles, is supposed to be the type of rough honour and fair-play; but what would Guy Livingstone, Ouida, or Thomas Hardy say when they saw their handsome hero striking heroic and h-rculean attitudes in the market-place whilst a fellow-man was being torn to bits by human bloodhounds!

With the greatest ease the scene could be altered. At the last minute Jack should repent him of his violence and himself rescue from the mob the man who has done him the vilest injury a man could do. This would be Christianity as opposed to savagery, and would idealize the hero instead of debasing him. Though a mistaken it is at the same time a very unselfish act on the part of Mr. Wilson Barrett, for he opens up for that capital actor, Mr. E. S. Willard, a very fine scene, procures for

him the sympathy of his audience, and puts the finishing touch on a very admirable performance. In consistency, finish, and genuine art, this is the best thing as yet that Mr. Willard has done. From the moment he appeared feverishly fingering the deeds and property of a dying man he has defrauded, to that last horrible scene where the wretch, with pale and agonised face, looks upon the infuriated rustics who are to be his executioners, he never missed a point or once got out of the picture. There was one scene, in which this wicked but very natural man, with parched lips and ill-suppressed emotion, approaches a virtuous woman with his consuming love, which was played with singular power. Natural acting was here robbed of all grossness, and governed by a well-balanced and thoughtful artistic sensibility. As a picturesque and romantic actor, Mr. Wilson Barrett has now no rival. He looks the young farmer to the life, and plays the part with refinement, energy, spirit, and good taste. In his home with his wife and child he is the most lovable of men—a delightful figure in a series of true English pictures. And he understands the chords and vibrations of the human heart. His passionate laments of jealousy, the isolation of the widowed heart, the sense of still loving that which is apparently so vile, the lamentable wreck of manhood, are admirably conveyed. Luckily, the best speeches of the play fell to Mr. Barrett, who is the most eloquent and telling of all stage elocutionists. He can pronounce, he can emphasise, and every word is heard. Miss Eastlake, gentle, sympathetic, and interesting as ever, has a double task confided to her. She enacts the ill-used and affectionate wife as well as the "waif" who loves not wisely, but too well. The change here was as surprising as it was effective. It was the same woman, but not the same. There were some rare comedy touches in Miss Eastlake's personation of the "waif"; and, if I mistake not, the scene in the public-house will be eventually made one of the most effective in the whole play. It missed fire, somehow or other, on the first night, but the material is there. Out of a host of minor characters, far too many for the proper purpose of the play, Mr. George Barrett, of course, stands out, and often breaks the monotony of the serious—nay, tragic, interest. His Ben Chibbles, blacksmith and farrier, is one of his finished sketches of true English character. Mr. Clifford Cooper, Mr. Charles Hudson, and the miniature actresses, Miss Phoebe Carlo and Miss Maudie Clitherow, the cripple, Tom Tit, are also thoroughly deserving of praise. The scenery, by Mr. W. Hann and Mr. J. E. Ryan, is really beautiful, and we are transported by it to the far-away country, and seem to scent the fresh air and to smell the hedge-flowers in the lovely English lanes. A happy future is certainly in store for a play that is pure in tone and fine in purpose. C. S.

## THE BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

This triennial celebration—the most important of all our provincial music-meetings—will be of special interest this year, on account of the number of new compositions to be produced, and from the fact of this being the first occasion of Herr Hans Richter acting as conductor of the performances, in succession to the late Sir Michael Costa, who fulfilled the office from 1849 to 1882, inclusive. It was scarcely expected that he would have been able to conduct on this last occasion, so serious was the illness which soon afterwards terminated in his death. With that power of will, however, which was a distinguishing characteristic of Sir M. Costa, he successfully accomplished his task. The choice of Herr Richter as conductor of the festival was a judicious one; his well-earned fame as a musical director—especially in association with the admirable London concerts named after him—having pointed him out as the fit man.

The Birmingham festivals originated in 1768, since when they have greatly developed in musical importance and in money results, the profits being applied in aid of the funds of the Birmingham General Hospital. A grand total of £116,565 has been received by the institution through these means. The large and increasing demands for gratuitous medical and surgical help in such a locality as Birmingham and its district, and the admirable organisation and efficiency of the noble institution referred to, are deserving of fully as much support as is rendered.

The arrangements for the approaching celebration are on that scale of grandeur and liberality by which the Birmingham Festivals have long obtained pre-eminence over all other celebrations of the kind. For many years past, commissions for new works have been given, the most memorable instance of which was the production, in 1846, of Mendelssohn's immortal oratorio, "Elijah," conducted by himself.

For this year's festival several new works have been composed, the most important of which is the oratorio "Mors et Vita," by M. Gounod, the triumphant success of whose "Redemption," commissioned for and produced at the last Birmingham Festival in 1882, naturally led to this second commission. The other novelties at next week's celebration will be a new cantata, "Sleeping Beauty," composed by Mr. F. H. Cowen (the poem by Francis Hueffer); "Yuletide," a cantata, by Mr. Anderson, words by Miss Julia Goddard; a new symphony, by Mr. Prout; a violin concerto and a scena, by Mr. A. C. Mackenzie; "The Spectre's Bride," a cantata, by Herr Dvorák; a setting, by Dr. J. F. Bridge, of Mr. Gladstone's Latin version of the hymn, "Rock of Ages"; and an oratorio, "The Three Holy Children," by Mr. C. V. Stanford.

The band (led by Mr. A. Burnett) and the chorus are on the same grand scale as before, and Señor Sarasate will be the solo violinist. The principal vocalists will be Madame Albani, Miss Anna Williams, Mrs. Hutchinson, Madame Patey, Madame Trebelli, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Maas, Mr. Santley, Signor Foli, Mr. F. King, and Mr. W. Mills. Preliminary orchestral rehearsals have been held during this week in London, the first full rehearsal being appointed to take place in the Birmingham Townhall (where all the performances are given) to-day (Saturday).

The festival will open next Tuesday morning with "Elijah," which is properly always chosen for the inaugural performance. Gounod's new oratorio will be given the next morning, "The Messiah" on Thursday morning, Mr. Stanford's sacred work (followed by Beethoven's choral symphony) on Friday morning; and in the evening Gounod's "Mors et Vita" will be repeated, this forming the close of the festival.

The secular novelties, and other interesting items, will be comprised in the programmes of the evening concerts.

Next year will be the jubilee year of the Art Union of London, when every subscriber will be entitled to a finely printed and bound copy of Sir Walter Scott's poem "The Bridal of Triermain," with fourteen illustrations by Percy Macquoid, and a chance in the annual distribution of prizes.

Mr. Burdett-Coutts on Saturday last cut the first turf on the new railway line to Sutton-on-the-Sea. The line, which will be over seven miles in length, begins at Willoughby by a junction with the Great Northern system, passes through an agricultural district, and terminates on land adjoining the proposed harbour and docks at Sutton.

## CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, Aug. 19.

An important advance has taken place in securities. Not only are Consols once more above par, as the result of political considerations, but a new tone has been given to the great mass of investments by the greatly improved aspect of Transatlantic business interests. The long war of rates in America is now at an end, and what work the railways are doing is presumably at a fair profit. This has affected all the principal markets of Europe, for not only are American securities largely held in most centres, but European trade stands to quickly feel the benefit of better conditions on the other side. It is on these general grounds that home railway stocks have been advancing for days. But the principal rebound has been in United States railway issues. Many of these have risen considerably, and the rest have more or less responded. Canadian railway and some other securities have been keeping pace with them. Grand Trunk stocks were, in one or two instances, very short at last week's settlement, and a rebound of several per cent has taken place, the "bears" having evidently been seized with panic. To date the company's weekly traffic returns have favoured speculators for a fall, but ordinary rates in the company's American traffic would greatly improve the dividend result of the current half-year. Canadian Pacific shares have for some time past been gaining ground upon traffic experience, and the market for them is assisted by the now prevailing confidence. Hudson's Bay shares have further risen in sympathy with general conditions.

The par value of the stock issued by railway companies in the United Kingdom is £801,464,367, which is an increase of £16,500,000 over the total of a year ago. The cost per mile unceasingly increases, and it is now £42,486. The number of miles open is 18,864. The gross revenue in 1884 was £70,522,643. Of this, 53 per cent was spent in working, which is exactly the experience of 1883; but this is a high rate, seeing how cheap are coal, iron, and many other commodities. The return on capital gets less; in 1882 it was 4·32 per cent, in 1883 4·29, and in 1884 4·16. The relation of one class of passenger traffic to the others is the frequent subject of comment. For 1884 the experience throughout the United Kingdom was:—

	No.	£
First class ... ..	34,582,539	3,481,017
Second class ... ..	62,582,539	3,105,008
Third class ... ..	598,141,101	17,606,040
Season tickets ... ..	706,691	1,763,491

One hundred and eight companies have issued life insurance policies in this country, and how the year 1884 bore upon them is now shown by a Government return. They began with assets amounting to £139,342,298; they received £15,366,416 in premiums, £5,857,553 from investments, and such other sums as made up the total to £161,367,788. But the claims were heavy, amounting to £11,743,567. Management and commissions came to £3,030,825, and £915,147 was returned in the way of cash bonuses and reduction of premiums. The net result of receipts and payments was that in the funds in hand increased from £139,342,398 to £143,698,057. As much as £74,381,000 has been lent upon mortgage, and land, houses, and ground-rents are held to the value of £10,000,000.

The General Steam Navigation Company dates from 1874, and it used to regularly pay dividends of 10 per cent per annum, but for four or five years past its experience has been very varied, and now for the first half of 1885 there is not only no ordinary dividend, but only half payment on the 1824 preference capital.

A majority of the holders of New York, West Shore, and Buffalo Railway bonds have accepted the plan of reorganisation, and so the acquisition of the West Shore by the New York Central may be regarded as completed.

Southampton Dock Company ordinary shareholders are not to get any dividend for the past half-year. For some years they got 4, then 3, then 2½, and then 1. T. S.

## THE BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

The forty-second annual Congress of the British Archaeological Association was opened at Brighton on Monday afternoon. The members were received in the saloon of the Royal Pavilion by the Mayor (Alderman Reeves) and several members of the Town Council. His Worship, in welcoming the association, expressed the pleasure which the council felt at the visit of the society, more especially as it was the first antiquarian society that had held its congress at Brighton. An illuminated address voted by the council was afterwards read by the town clerk, after which, in absence of the Duke of Norfolk, who had accepted the presidency for the year, but was unable to be present, Sir James Picton, one of the vice-presidents, read the opening address, in which he reviewed the history of the county, noting in particular that the flourishing and prosperous condition of Sussex under the Romans was marked by numerous remains, chiefly the fine remains at Bognor, which could not have sprung into existence except at a time of prosperity and quiet. Referring to the manufactures of the county, for which it was not now celebrated, Sir James Picton recalled the fact that Holinshed recorded that the first cast-iron ordnance in this country was cast at Buxted in Sussex. Subsequently Mr. F. E. Sawyer read a paper on "Old Brighton," at the close of which the visitors went to the Church of St. Nicholas, formerly the parish church, where the Vicar of Brighton (Dr. Hannah) described its history. Late in the afternoon, a visit was paid to the Brighton Museum, where Mr. H. Willett, who has lent to the town a large collection of antique ceramic ware, gave a description of it. In the same building a collection of paintings was shown illustrating the architectural archaeology of the country, specially got together.

A long list of excursions has been arranged, including an excursion to Chichester and Goodwood House on Tuesday. The visit will extend altogether over ten days, Saturday (to-day) being devoted to places in the immediate vicinity of Brighton, including Hollingbury, where Mr. Halliwell-Phillips will receive the visitors and show his collection of relics of Shakspeare.

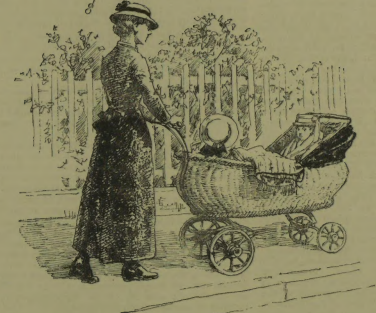
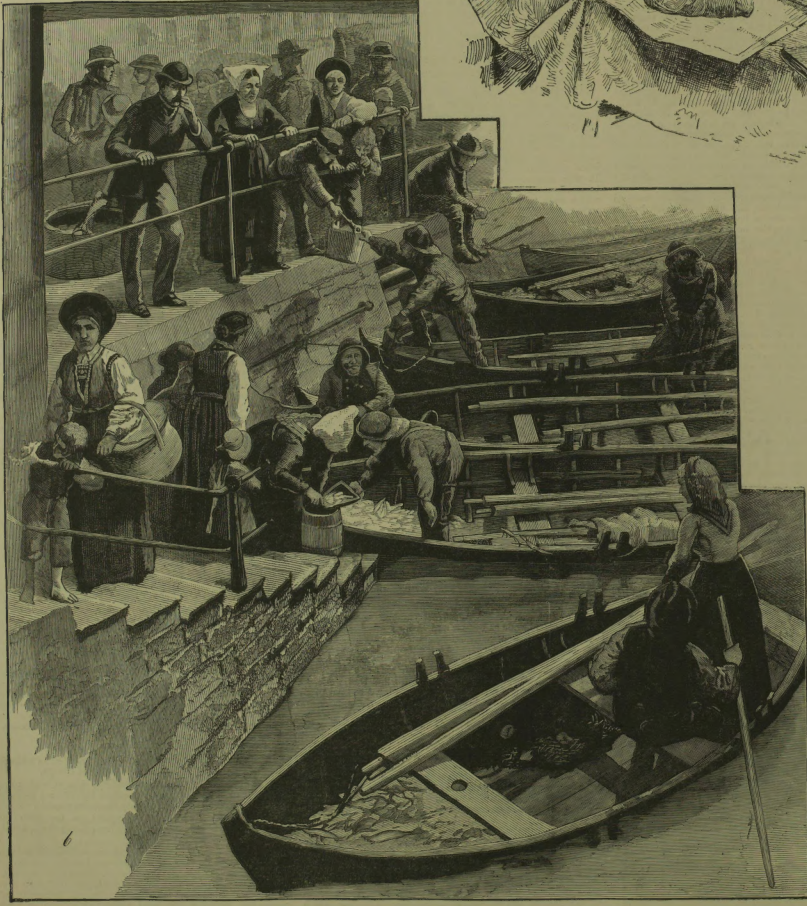
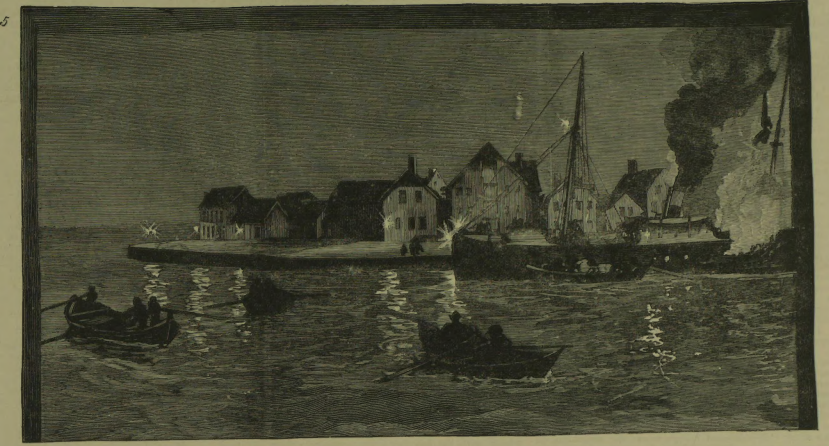
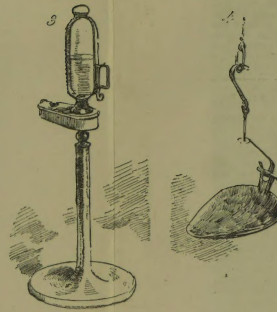
The Dublin Corporation on Monday adopted an address to Dr. Walsh, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin.

The Visitors of the Irish Society, who are at present on a tour of inspection, have promised the citizens of Derry a new Townhall, at a cost of twenty thousand pounds.

The Crimes Act (Ireland) expired on the 14th inst., and demonstrations were held in several towns in the south of Ireland to celebrate the occasion.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has sufficiently recovered from his recent illness to be able to leave Dublin. On Monday his Excellency and the Countess of Carnarvon arrived at Galway on a week's tour in the West, and met with a very hearty reception from all classes. Several addresses were presented, and the Viceroyal party, after visiting various public places, went on board her Majesty's ship *Valorous*; visiting on Tuesday Arran Island, about forty miles distant from Galway. The Earl of Carnarvon subsequently sailed for Westport.





1. Our Artist's cottage. 2. Studying map of Norway on board the steamer. 3. Old clock-lamp in Museum at Bergen. 4. Another old lamp. 5. Stavanger, the first port on the coast of Norway. 6. At the Fishmarket, Bergen. 7. A Hardanger fishwoman. 8. A Bergen perambulator. 9. Doorway in the Strandgade, Bergen. 10. In the Bergen fishmarket—selling the fish alive. 11. Going home from market.



## A TRIP TO NORWAY.

On the Fillefjeld, Aug. 15.

Sweet salmon trout, fresh from the stream that winds round the mossy hillside and breaks into boisterous laughter among the boulders a thousand feet below us; a reindeer steak, brown and juicy; a brace of ptarmigan, with stewed prunes (the shooting of *ryper*, the Norwegian ptarmigan, commenced to-day); a bottle of sparkling Bayerske ale; a dish of cloud-berries and cream; and a cup of the most delicious coffee, such coffee, indeed, as is only to be obtained among the mountains of Norway! Cost, two kroner and a quarter, or about half-a-crown per head. Could travellers desire a more sumptuous or a cheaper meal? Sitting on the balcony of the high-road posting-station, and filling our pipes with English-cut birdseye (for tobacco in every shape and form as supplied in Norway is to be distrusted), we feel loth to leave a land of such simple delights, with its fjords and fir forests, its fjelds and farms, its peaks and waterfalls, to which little news filters from the busy outside world, and where cholera spreads no alarms. Many popular errors prevail concerning Norway. First of all, every meal is not cooked in cod-liver oil; secondly, it is wrong to suppose that the season here is confined to the early months of summer. It will soon be too late for a trip to the North Cape or for mountaineering in the Romsdal district, but both sportsmen and scene-hunters have six weeks before them during which they can in comfort explore southern Norway. Really, no one need go more north than the Fillefjeld to discover the beauties of the country. The Land of the Midnight Sun is a delusion and a snare. To reach it, one has to undergo a tedious sea-passage, lasting more than a week, along a stormy and most monotonous coast. When you reach your destination, the chances are in favour of your being compelled to return before seeing anything of the interior country. We are now on the high road to Christiania. Starting from Bergen, we went up the Hardanger Fjord to Vossevangen; thence through the Narodal, the grandest gorge in Europe, to Gudvangen; afterwards going by the Sogne Fjord steamer to Lardalsoren, where we took the road.

Let me, however, advise visitors always to work in the opposite direction. Christiania is the best port to arrive at. Small comforts are grateful after a sea-passage, and these you obtain at any of the leading hotels of the capital. Before reaching Bergen by sea you spend several hours in the west-coast fjords, the bleak and rugged scenery around which renders many after-views tame and uninteresting. At Christiania, on the other hand, you land in the midst of civilisation, and the journey by rail and steamer to Odnes, on the Rands Fjord, takes you, at first, through small towns and then along well-cultivated valleys, where the mountains on both sides grow gradually more and more imposing. The rapids, down which you see the pine trunks, stripped of their bark, floating to the saw-mills, prepare you for the roaring fosses which greet the eye at every turn in the higher latitudes. From Odnes to Lardalsoren the distance is about 240 kilometres, the high road running through the Valdres, one of the most delightful districts in Norway. The trip is made without any discomfort by carriage (the light gig, seating one person, peculiar to the country) in three days by breaking the journey at Fagernes and Nystuen. The new road constructed a few years back by the Government over mountain, through rocks, and on the extreme edges of precipices, is broad, level, and kept in thorough repair. At short intervals the traveller will observe by the roadside small tablets bearing a name and a number. Each of these indicates the owner of some contiguous farm, who has to pay the taxes for the support of so many yards of road, and to keep them clear from snow in the winter. The posting stations on the road are about twelve miles apart. Each station keeper is bound to maintain a certain number of carriages, according to the traffic on their roads, and to provide travellers with horses. The charge, which is fixed by the State, is 17 öre per kilometre (100 öre to the krone, 18 kroner to the English sovereign). At the end of each stage you settle up, and if you have been accompanied by a *skydsgut*, or post-boy, you must pay him two or three pence for himself. There is no need to give other "tips" on the road; the stablemen and boys who change your horses are invariably obliging, and expect nothing beyond courtesy and thanks. The peasants here are noted for their honest pride and self-respect. Many of their ancestors were nominally of high degree until all titles of nobility were abolished, and you must not forget that the labourer who grows his handful of corn on the hillside, or even the lad who blacks your boots in the morning, may be the grandson of a Baron; and if you can set him talking he will tell you romantic stories connected with his family, which have been handed down from the mythical past. The toilers in the fields invariably leave their work as you pass in order to salute you, and are much troubled if you do not raise your hat to them in return. If they tender assistance or refreshment they are deeply offended if their offer is refused, and should you reward their service or intelligence they will insist upon shaking hands with you.

Should two persons be travelling together they can obtain a larger but less comfortable conveyance than the carriage—a *stolkjære*, pronounced *stolecar*. The charge for this is 25 öre (about 3½d.) per kilometre. A four-wheeled carriage (*trille*), which will accommodate four persons, can also be hired for the whole journey. If with a party, this is decidedly the most comfortable method of travelling. If you desire to stop at any of the many points of interest on the road, or to walk over a mountain while the conveyance crawls round by the road, or to pick wild raspberries or strawberries, which grow in profusion on the banks, a carriage is much preferable to a carriage. At each station a *dagbog* (day-book) is kept, in which travellers are expected to enter their names, how many horses they take, in which direction they are going, and any complaints of incivility or delay. This book is inspected periodically by a Government official, and the station-keeper is fined if it is found that he has kept a traveller waiting for horses longer than necessary. If all his own horses are out—and his day-book will show if this is the case—he is bound to do his best to borrow horses from the neighbouring farmers. English travellers unacquainted with the Norsk language and the customs of the country often mistake this book, which always lies with pen and ink on a little table at the entrance to the station, for a visitors' book, and make entries accordingly. No wonder the inspector who examines the book is reported to invariably pass over any entries in English, which are frequently after the fashion of the following, in the *dagbog* at this station:—After two names bracketed together, is written, "We are newly-married, and like this place very much." At all the stations board and lodging can be had at ridiculously little cost. Eightpence is the usual price for a bed; probably the charge is so small because the beds are so short. For breakfast, with eggs and fish, you pay about a shilling. Supper, with fish, meat, and coffee, is about the same sum. The coffee alone is worth the money. Even at the cow-huts in the mountains good coffee, made from the fresh-roasted berry, can be

obtained at all times of the day. Spirits cannot be bought on the road; and even in the towns, at most of which the Gothenburg system is in force, it is difficult to procure it except by bottle. Ale, or öl, as their light, clear, and sparkling brew is called, is the general drink of the country. A pint bottle of the best costs 40 öre.

From Lardalsoren, the visitor can go direct to Bergen by steamer; a better way is to take the steamer to Gudvangen. On his way he will see some of the finest scenery of the Aurland Fjord and the Sogne Fjord. Gudvangen lies low in a valley, where for eight months of the year the rays of the sun never penetrate. The boat arrives there about noon; so after a meal, which should be taken on board if possible, for the stewards prepare original and tasty dishes, a conveyance can be hired to go to Vossevangen. Vosse, as it is briefly called, is becoming quite an important place. Two years ago, a railway, which had been fifteen years in construction, between it and Bergen, was opened for passenger traffic. The train consists of two carriages, constructed on the Pullman principle. One is a third class, and the other a second class. The latter is elegantly upholstered, and is in every way equal to our "firsts." I never remember to have seen a first-class carriage on a Norwegian railway. I am told there is one on each line, but it is reserved for the King. Several days can be well spent at Vosse, whence trips should be taken down the Hardanger, or to Eide, Odde, and the far-famed Voringfjords. The next move is to Bergen, whence the steamers start for Hull. We, however, on the present occasion have reversed this route. On board the good ship *Domino*, we held a council of ways and means, and over our map on the saloon table settled to work up the country from Bergen. The *Angelo*, I may mention *en passant*, is the Christiania boat, with one of the cheeriest and most comfort-making skippers traveller ever encountered.

Our first view of Norway was when, after being at sea two days, we were suddenly awakened at midnight by the clanking of chains and the roll of the steam-winch, forewarning the discharge of cargo. Coming on deck, we ascertained that we were off Stavanger, a picturesque port on the Bukken Fjord, depending chiefly for its commercial importance on the herring fisheries of the district. The view was mystic and beautiful. The moon was at the full, and her beams shed a silver glory on the spire of the grand old Gothic cathedral, and threw into bold relief the white fronts of the wooden houses on the quay. Bergen is reached nine hours after leaving Stavanger. The passage of the fjords, bounded on both sides with rugged, barren rocks, is slightly tedious. Now and then the prospect is relieved by dull green patches, on which wooden huts are erected. These are inhabited by fishermen, who cultivate a few square yards of soil, where they raise potatoes and oats, which, with the fish they catch, constitute their sole food. Their little boats, with high prows, after the pattern of the Viking ships of old, were high and dry on the banks, and in rare instances could we discover signs of life. The only other objects which arrested attention were the frequent lighthouses, necessitated by the dangers attending the navigation of the fjords, and the numerous telegraph-posts, which are features of even the wildest districts in Norway. The telegraph system of the peninsula is widespread and very perfect in its organisation. Across the country there are no railways, and communication, even where the roads are good, is slow and tedious on account of the hills. The telegraph wire is in continued request therefore, although the charge is somewhat dearer than in England, the cost of fifteen words, in which the address is included, being one krone.

At last, Bergen loomed before us. It looked but a handful of houses nestling together at the foot of tall green hills, their white and brown painted fronts, red tiles, and green ornamentation forming a refreshing combination of colour after the monotonous panorama of grey rock and blue water. Bergen is a town of 35,000 inhabitants, and is a busy commercial centre. The principal street is the Strandgaden, down which we pass after landing at the harbour. The artist of our party, who stops to sketch a picturesque doorway, is at once surrounded by a juvenile crowd, which insists on afterwards escorting him to the hotel on which we have fixed our choice. There is plenty to see in Bergen. The museum is full of interesting objects. No visitor to the town should fail to witness the scene which takes place every day when the fish-boats come in. There is a special market on Wednesdays and Saturdays from eight till ten, but every day there is much to interest and amuse in the Triangelen, as the fish-market is called. The fish is brought in alive, but the dealers are forbidden to sell it until killed. Many new specimens are to be seen, including the species which was first introduced to the notice of the English people at the fish banquet given to the Prince of Wales at the Fisheries Exhibition. I cannot recall its English name, but it is called in Norway a *bergylt*, and is covered with scales having all the colours of the rainbow. It is a pretty sight to see these fish splashing in their tubs, passing from sunshine into shadow, and changing their hue with every flap of the tail. Other favourite fish are the ling and the rock-cod; this last having a deep-red appearance, produced by the iodine from the seaweed among which it lives. It is very amusing to see the old ladies in their bright gowns, with white handkerchiefs tied over their heads, bargaining with the rough old dealers, some of whom look as if they had undergone the process of salting and drying with the cod that lies in a heap beside the live fish. Prices run higher than might be expected, for we saw a cod weighing little more than seven pounds sold for a krone. When the bargain is completed, the dealer sticks his knife into the gullet of the live fish, and proceeds without any compunction to cut up the body and prepare it even before life is extinct.

(To be continued.)

Alderman Muspratt, Mayor of Flint, who died on Tuesday, was Mayor for the seventeenth consecutive time.

The Irish National Horse and Ram Show at Ball's Bridge will begin next Tuesday, closing on Friday.

The annual meeting of the Wellesley Training-Ship Society was held at Shields on Monday.

Messrs. Macniven and Cameron, penmakers, Edinburgh, have been awarded a medal at the International Inventions Exhibition, for their improvements on pens and penholders.

At a meeting of the shareholders of the Munster Bank, held last Saturday under the presidency of Mr. Payne, it was announced that the new bank which it is proposed to found would be called the Munster and Leinster Bank, with a capital of £750,000, the first part to be called up by the issue of 150,000 shares of £5 each, with power of increase.

By permission of the Duke of Westminster the Lower Grosvenor-garden was opened to the public last Saturday for their free use and enjoyment till the end of September. The Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, of 83, Lancaster-gate, under the auspices of which body the garden was formally opened, would gladly avail themselves of permission to similarly treat other gardens or squares whose residents are mostly out of town at this time of the year.

## CAMBRIDGE HIGHER LOCAL EXAMINATIONS.

The class-list and supplementary tables of the Cambridge Higher Local Examinations were issued by the Syndicate last Saturday, and show the full results of the examinations held at the following centres:—Birmingham, Bradford, Brighton, Bristol, Cambridge, Cheltenham, Croydon, Exeter, Hampstead, Leeds, Liverpool, London, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Newcastle (Staffordshire), Norwich, Nottingham, Plymouth, Sydenham, and Winchester. The total number who offered for examination was 947.

The Divinity Prize was awarded to Miss J. E. Scott, of the Leeds Girls' High School, who gained a first class with distinction. The Lowman Memorial Prize was gained by Miss E. Pope, of 51, Tuffnell Park-road, N., who gained a first class in the Languages Group, being distinguished in English Language and Literature, History of English Literature, and Early English. Gratuities of £5 each were awarded to Miss H. F. Ashwin, of the Clergy Daughters' School, Bristol; Miss H. L. Mildman, Croydon High School; Miss A. C. Morant, 22, Well-walk, Hampstead, N.W.; Miss E. Little, Leeds Girls' High School; and Miss M. Robinson, Leeds Girls' High School.

The following are the numbers who passed in the various sections:—Divinity: First class, 9; second class, 20; third class, 65.—Languages: First class, 32; second class, 48; third class, 200.—English: First class, 34; second class, 81; third class, 122.—Arithmetic and Mathematics: First class, 16; second class, 12; third class, 114.—Political Economy and Logic: Second class, 8; third class, 37.—Natural Sciences: First class, 1; second class, 8; third class, 19.—Music: First class, 4; second class, 11; third class, 19.—History: First class, 13; second class, 26; third class, 86.

Amongst the successful students are candidates from Scotland, Ireland, and the Channel Islands, whilst Germany is represented in the list. The Ladies' College, Cheltenham, furnished a large number of successful candidates, and amongst the educational establishments which furnished a number of successful students may be mentioned the University College, Bristol, the Croydon High School, and the Leeds High School for Girls.

Mr. G. Baden-Powell, C.M.G., arrived in London last Saturday from South Africa, where he has been investigating the affairs of Bechuanaland, Zululand, and Basutoland.

Lord Radnor has guaranteed £2000 to the fund being raised in connection with the National Art Treasures Exhibition to be held at Folkestone in May next.

The London Corporation has given fifty guineas to the Girls' Home, Charlotte-street, Portland-place, certified industrial school for girls not convicted of crime.

Mr. A. Bruce Joy, the well-known sculptor, has received a commission to execute a statue of Bishop Berkeley, to be placed in Cloyne Cathedral.

The shareholders of the Gloucestershire Banking Company have agreed to amalgamate the business with that of the Capital and Counties Bank.

Her Majesty's Commissioners of Woods and Forests have decided to replace and restore the Buckstone, the celebrated rocking-stone in the Wye Valley, near Monmouth, which was overturned by a party of tourists a few months ago.

The Queen has conferred the honour of K.C.B. (Civil) upon Mr. A. L. Haliburton, C.B., Director of Supplies and Transports; and the Companionship of the Bath (Civil) upon Mr. Lewis Engelbach, Principal Assistant to the Director of Artillery and Stores.

We understand that Mr. Edward Stanhope has been appointed President of the Board of Trade, a position which has been vacated by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, now Secretary for Scotland. Mr. Stanhope, of course, retains his seat in the Cabinet.

Our Portrait of the late Lord Houghton is from a photograph by Mr. Fradelle, of Regent-street; that of the late Lord Halifax, from one by the London Stereoscopic Company; and that of Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, from one by Mr. A. Bassano, of Old Bond-street. The Portrait of Sir J. D. Linton is from a photograph by Mr. Barraud, of Oxford-street; that of Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, A.R.A., was taken at Venice.

Among the interesting contents of the August Number of the *Magazine of Art* are an illustrated article by Mr. Austin Dobson on the little-known Polish artist, Daniel Chodowiecki, and some capital sketches of "Old London Doorways," illustrating an article by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald.—In the August Number of the *Art Journal* the illustrated articles on Eastbourne and its neighbourhood and "An Old Coach Road" are continued; also Mr. F. G. Stephens's very interesting account of Hammersmith and Chiswick.

There was an omission in our remarks on the family of Mr. H. Moore, made on the occasion of his election as an A.R.A., which an obliging correspondent supplies as follows:—"In your allusion to the family of the late Mr. William Moore, of York, while doing full honour to three of his sons, whose residence in London has helped to make known, you ignore altogether the claims to honour of Edwin and William, the two eldest sons of the family. These gentlemen are both artists, and have both been regular exhibitors in the principal London galleries for above thirty years; and those who know them and their work are convinced that nothing but the accident of residence in a provincial town has prevented them attaining the eminence of their more fortunate brothers."

The Board of Trade have awarded a bronze medal to Mr. William Sinclair, master of the steamer *Gladiolus*, of North Shields, in recognition of his humanity and kindness to the crew of the steamer *Benwell Tower*, of London, whom he rescued from their sinking vessel on Jan. 29 last, and subsequently landed at New York. They have also awarded a bronze medal, together with a money gratuity to Mr. George William Lash, chief officer of the *Gladiolus*, who commanded the boat in which the shipwrecked men were rescued, and a money gratuity to each of the five men who composed his crew. On account of a heavy sea then running, the rescue was effected with considerable risk of life. One of the boats of the *Gladiolus* was stove in while going alongside the wreck, and it was found necessary to make three trips in order to take off the crew of thirty persons.

Mr. William Nelson, the senior partner of the publishing firm of Thomas Nelson and Sons, has offered to defray the cost of restoring externally the little Norman church within the walls of Edinburgh Castle, known as Queen Margaret's Chapel, to as near as possible its original condition. This interesting fabric, at one time degraded into a powder magazine, is one of the oldest ecclesiastical structures in Scotland, having been built by Queen (or Saint) Margaret, wife of Malcolm Canmore, towards the end of the eleventh century. Internally, the building was restored many years ago under the auspices of Professor Daniel Wilson, now of Toronto, who recommends the fine Romanesque church of Dalmeny as a model in proceeding with the present work. Mr. Nelson's wish has been communicated to the Government, and will doubtless be welcomed as Mr. Chambers's munificent offer to restore St. Giles's Cathedral was some years ago.



O B I T U A R Y.

LORD HOUGHTON.



The Right Honourable Richard Monckton, Lord Houghton, of Great Houghton, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, D.C.L., LL.D., M.A., and Hon. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, a Trustee of the British Museum, died at Vichy, on the 11th inst. He was born June 19, 1809, the only son of Mr. Robert Pemberton Milnes, of Fryston Hall and Bawtry Hall, Yorkshire, by his wife, Hon. Henrietta Maria Monckton, daughter of the fourth Viscount Galway. His family, formerly seated in the romantic village of Ashford-in-the-Water, had at various times considerable property in Derbyshire and Yorkshire. As Mr. Monckton Milnes, he entered Parliament for Pontefract in 1837, and continued to represent that borough uninterruptedly until 1863, when he was raised to the Peerage, in Lord Palmerston's Administration, as Baron Houghton. He married, Aug. 30, 1851, the Hon. Annabella Hungerford, daughter of John, second Lord Crewe, and had by her (who died Feb. 24, 1874) one son, Robert Offley Ashburton, now Lord Houghton, born Jan. 12, 1858, who married, June 3, 1880, Sibyl, daughter of Sir Frederick Graham, Bart., of Netherby, by the Lady Jane Hermione Seymour, his wife. His Lordship leaves also two daughters, Amicia Henrietta, married to Gerald Fitzgerald, Esq., C.M.G.; and Florence, married to the Hon. A. H. Henniker.

LORD ERNEST VANE-TEMPEST.

Lord Ernest M'Donnell Vane-Tempest, third son of Charles William, third Marquis of Londonderry (distinguished as a soldier under Wellington, and subsequently as a diplomatist), and his second wife, Frances Anne, only daughter and heiress of Sir Harry Vane-Tempest, Bart., died at Scarborough, on the 13th inst. He was born Feb. 29, 1836, and married, Jan. 12, 1869, Mary, daughter of Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, of Howden House, county of Durham, by whom he leaves one child, Charles Henry, born Feb. 22, 1871. Lord Ernest, formerly in the 4th Light Dragoons and 2nd Life Guards, served afterwards during the American War as Assistant Adjutant-General in the Federal Army of the United States, under the name of Colonel Stewart, and was in several engagements on the banks of the Potomac. In 1868 he contested unsuccessfully the borough of Stockton-on-Tees. His sister, the Duchess of Marlborough, is now the only survivor of the children of the third Marquis of Londonderry.

MR. W. J. THOMS.

Mr. William John Thoms, F.S.A., formerly editor of *Notes and Queries*, died on the 15th inst., at his residence in St. George's-square, in his eighty-second year. The son of the late Mr. N. Thoms, some time secretary to the first Commission of Revenue Inquiry, he was born in 1803, and began life as a clerk in the secretary's office at Chelsea Hospital, occupying his leisure hours by contributing to the *Foreign Quarterly Review* and other periodicals. In 1838 he was elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and from that year till 1873 he was secretary to the Camden Society. Mr. Thoms was also a Fellow of the Societies of Antiquaries of Edinburgh and Copenhagen. As far back as 1828, he published his first work, entitled "A Collection of Early Prose Romances." He has since published, among other works, "Lays and Legends of Various Nations," "The Book of the Court," and "Three Notelets on Shakespeare." He also edited "Anecdotes and Traditions," Caxton's "Reynard the Fox," and an edition of Stowe's "Survey of London." Mr. Thoms was the projector and editor of *Notes and Queries*, which he carried on most successfully for many years; and on his retirement from it, in 1873, was honoured by a complimentary dinner, and presented with a handsome testimonial by his literary friends and admirers. He was succeeded in the editorship by Dr. John Doran, who in turn was followed by Mr. Joseph Knight. In his latter years, Mr. Thoms devoted much attention to the subject of ultra-centenarianism, and in 1873 he published a work on "The Longevity of Man." He held the post of Deputy Librarian in the House of Lords, which he resigned in 1882, in consequence of advanced age, after sixty-three years of public service.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Sir Charles Henry Johnes Cuyler, Bart., on the 17th inst.; and Sir Thomas Bevor, Bart., on the 18th inst. Their memoirs will be given next week.

Mr. Thomas Pardoe Purton, of Faintree Hall, Salop, J.P., on the 12th inst., at his seat near Bridgnorth, aged eighty-four.

Mr. Henry Homfray, of Broadwaters House, Worcestershire, J.P. and D.L., on the 9th inst., at his residence, near Kidderminster, aged eighty-six.

The Rev. Richard Richardson, of Capenhurst Hall, Cheshire, M.A., J.P., suddenly, on the 13th inst, aged seventy-four. Holy Trinity Church at Capenhurst was built at his cost.

The mother of the late Sir John Salusbury Salusbury-Trelawny, Baronet, whose memoir was given last week, was Patience Christian, daughter of Mr. John Philipps-Carpenter, of Mount Tavy, in the county of Devon.

Mr. Hugh Heywood Jones, of Larkhill, near Liverpool, on the 3rd inst., aged thirty-six. He was son of the late Mr. Benjamin Jones, of Larkhill, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff of Lancashire in 1869.

Mr. Douglas Kingsford, Recorder of Margate, a member of the South-Eastern Circuit, at his residence, Courtfield-road, Kensington. He was called to the Bar in 1867, and appointed Recorder in March last.

Lady Georgiana Caroline Legge, fifth daughter of George, third Earl of Dartmouth, K.G., by Frances, his wife, daughter of the third Earl of Aylesford, on the 11th inst., at Forest Lodge, Keston, Kent, aged ninety.

Mr. Edmund Montagu Boyle, youngest son of the Hon. John Boyle, second son of the eighth Earl of Cork, K.P., on the 11th inst., at Queenstown, New Zealand, aged forty. Mr. Edmund Boyle was an antiquary and accomplished genealogist.

Mr. Peter Connellan, of Coolmore, county Kilkenny, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff 1836, at his seat near Thomastown, in his eightieth year. He married, July 25, 1844, Anne Maria, second daughter of the Rev. Sir Hercules Langrishe, Bart., and leaves issue; his fourth daughter is the present Viscountess Gormanston.

The Rev. William Comyns Berkeley, of Cotheridge Court, in the county of Worcester, on the 7th inst., aged seventy-five; eldest son of the late Mr. William Berkeley, of Cotheridge, the representative of a branch of the noble house of Berkeley, descended immediately from Sir Rowland Berkeley, of Cotheridge, M.P., a cavalier officer, one of the intended Knights of the Royal Oak.

CHESS.

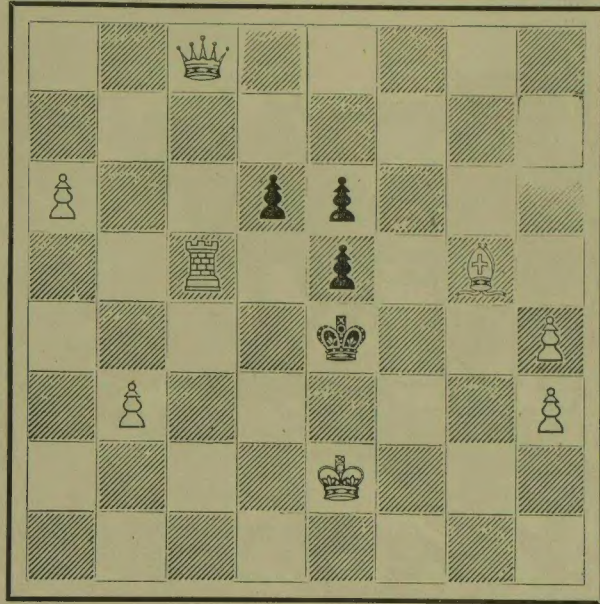
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, A.B.S. (Tetterford).—Many thanks for your kind note and the game inclosed. The MS. shall be returned to you in due course.  
Jumbo (Dundee).—Why not describe your problems in the usual and simplest way, as W.K. for White King, &c.? The notation you have adopted is unintelligible to us.  
Columbus.—Your name and address are noted, and the problem shall now be examined.  
B.M.W. (Bromley).—We are obliged for the problem, but it is too easy of solution for our readers.  
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2156 received from J.R. (Blyth), James Easton; of No. 2157 from Manuel Somoza (Ferrol), C.P. (New Jersey, U.S.A.); of No. 2158 from W. Biddle and T.G. (Ware).  
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2159 received from H. Lucas, R. Tweddell, James Pilkington, E. Casella (Paris), Casino National (Jerez), James Henriquez, L. Sharswood, E. Sharswood, James Riddell, J.A. Muller C.E., E.E.H.N.S. Harris, R.L. Southwell, A.W. Scrutton, C.S. Cox, T.G. (Ware), T.R.M.C.H. Juckee, W. Hillier, S. Lowndes, G.W. Law, L.L. Greenaway, Jupiter Junior, Alpha, Clement Fawcett, Nerina, Dr. Way, Otto Fuldner (Gene), Ben. Nevill, O. Darrach, E. Loudon, E. Ennio (Darlington), R. Thomas, L. Wyman, M.O'Halloran, H. Wardell, W.D. Porter, J. Godfrey Hickson, C. Oswald, E. Cornish, E. Elsbury, Frank Pickering, J.A. Schuncke, G. Seymour, Joseph Ainsworth, A.C. Hunt, B.R. Wood, H. Reeves, H.A. Nesbitt, Columbus, Shadforth, C.T.G. (Upton), and F. Marshall.

PROBLEM No. 2161.

By OTTO MEISLING (Copenhagen).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

THE COUNTIES CHESS ASSOCIATION.

Our notes of the Hereford meeting last week showed Blackburne leading with a score of seven points, and this position he maintained to the end, when he carried off the first prize, £60, with the fine score of eight out of a possible ten. His score is made up of seven wins and two draws, the latter counting half a point each. The tenth game he lost to Sc. Allop, who tied with Bird, each only half a point behind the champion of the tournament. Captain Mackenzie was fourth, with the score of seven points, taking the fourth prize, the published amount of which was doubled at the last moment by the president of the association, Mr. Charles Anthony. The following the prize-winners and their respective scores:—

First Prize, £60	...	J. H. Blackburne.
Second Prize, £25	...	H. E. Bird and E. Schallopp
Third Prize, £15	...	(division).
Fourth Prize, £10	...	Captain Mackenzie.

The entrance fees, amounting to £22, were divided between the non-prize-holders according to their respective scores, which were as follow:—

Mason	...	5½	Thorold	...	3
Gunsberg	...	5½	Ranken	...	3
Skipworth	...	3½	Pollock	...	3

Owen, 1½.

The result and award of the prizes in the minor tournaments appeared in our issue of last Saturday.

The problem solution competition attracted few competitors, all of them, however, skilful solvers. Two three-move, and two four-move problems were submitted for solution, and the prizes, amounting to £3 3s., were divided between Messrs. W. Coates (Cheltenham), H. Jacobs (Croydon), and W. Mead (Brighton).

After the annual meeting, held at the close of the tourney, all the competitors and about 150 gentlemen invited to meet them, were entertained at dinner by the president, Mr. Charles Anthony, at his residence, The Elms, near Hereford.

THE SCOTTISH CHESS ASSOCIATION.

The major tournament of the Glasgow meeting resulted in Mr. D. Y. Mills earning championship honours, with a score of 9½, against eleven competitors. At the close of the tourney, the score stood as follows:—

Mills	...	9½	Spens	...	5
Fraser, J.	...	8	Fyfe	...	4½
Fraser, G.	...	7½	Marshall	...	4
Meikle, C.	...	7	Machie	...	4
Forsyth	...	6	Latta	...	2½
Chambers	...	6	Pirrie	...	2

The second and third prizes fell to Messrs. J. Fraser and G. B. Fraser.

In the minor tournament, the first prize was one by Mr. G. P. Gallaway—score, 6½ out of a possible 7; and the second and third prizes were won by Messrs. Robertson and Berwick in the order named.

In the handicap tourney, the two prizes were divided between Messrs. J. Fraser and D. Y. Mills. The next meeting was appointed to be held at Glasgow in August, 1886.

SCIENCE AND ART DEPARTMENT.

List of the successful candidates for Royal Exhibitions, National Scholarships, and Free Studentships in May last:—

Royal Exhibitions.—Hugh O. Bennie, 20, engineer, Glasgow; Harry E. Hadley, 18, student, Worcester; James Young, 23, shoemaker, Belfast; Arthur J. Moulton, 20, engineer's apprentice, Preston; Harold C. Coote, 17, student, London; Robert H. Unsworth, 20, engineer, Pendleton, Manchester; Sidney H. Woolhouse, 15, student, Weaste, Manchester.

National Scholarships.—William Burton, 22, science teacher, Manchester; Philip L. Gray, 19, assistant master, Southampton; Charles Lang, 22, engineer, Johnstone, N.B.; Thomas Clarkson, 20, engineer, Pendleton, Manchester; William Keisall, 17, student, Bradford; Henry Sowerbutts, 17, student, Manchester; Frederick Chattaway, 24, chemist, Birmingham; William Scudamore, 16, student, Northampton; Frederic W. Lanchester, 16, architect's assistant, Southampton; Thomas H. Holland, 16, student, Helston; Harold E. Hey, 14, student, Manchester; William Blackmore, 18, student, Sheffield.

Free Studentships.—David Wilkinson, 21, agent, Preston; Henry P. Motteram, 19, student, Small Heath, Birmingham; Albert E. Briscoe, 17, machinist, Birmingham; Orlando J. Preston, 16, student, Bristol; James McKenzie, 20, engineer, Glasgow; Philip C. Coultas, 18, student, Bristol.

Major Farquharson has been appointed to the governorship of the Convict Prison at Dover.

In Scotland last week a severe gale raged along the north-east coast, and several lives were lost. Snow fell on some of the higher mountain ranges.

The Town Council of Elgin have decided to entertain at the public expense 200 members of the British Association, shortly to assemble at Aberdeen, and to drive them to all the neighbouring places of interest.

Handsome new schools, which have been erected at Redhill at a cost of £40,000 as the future Royal Asylum of St Anne's Society, were opened by the Lord Mayor, on the 14th inst., and the Lady Mayoress distributed the prizes won by the children. The schools are for the maintenance and education of 400 necessitous children of parents formerly in good circumstances. The cost of the new building (£37,000), his Lordship stated, has absorbed not only £15,000 specially subscribed, but the invested funds of the society.

THE SEASONS: SUMMER.

The ideal personification of the Four Seasons is a congenial theme for the fancy of artists and poets; but, while Spring has usually been invested with the graces of feminine youth, and regarded as a blooming virgin, a certain latitude has been observed in the treatment of Summer and Autumn with reference to the attributes of sex. Thomson, who should be a great authority upon the subject, makes both Summer and Autumn masculine, but this assumption loses sight of the maternal character which should belong to fruit-bearing seasons. While invoking "refulgent Summer" most especially as the favourite "Child of the Sun," our charming poet is evidently thinking a good deal of the Sun himself, to whom, as "Parent of the Seasons," he addresses a splendid burst of descriptive eloquence. The gentler aspects of an English summer were not exclusively present to his mind; but he had read a good deal of the effects of a vertical sun in tropical climates; and he proceeds, after a while, to discourse of the Ganges, the Nile, the Niger, and the Orinoco, of the scorched deserts of Africa, and the furious tempests of the torrid zone. This may be the reason why Thomson did not make his Summer a mild and fair allegorical goddess with a lapful of roses (which had already been used for the advent of Spring) and with a basket of cherries, strawberries, and raspberries, not to mention the plums and peaches which he was particularly fond of eating. The author of "The Castle of Indolence" is said to have been once detected in a garden, standing with both hands in his pockets, and literally browsing on the fruit as it hung on the wall, just like a tame deer or goat that might have strayed into the horticultural precinct. He was such an amiable man, and is such a delightful writer, though now unfortunately too little studied, that we should be sorry to believe him a humbug in his beautiful advice to rise early on a summer morning:—

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake,  
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy  
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,  
To meditation due and sacred song?  
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?  
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half  
The fleeting moments of too short a life?  
Or else, to feverish vanity alive,  
Wildered, and tossing through distressful dreams?  
Who would in such a gloomy state remain  
Longer than Nature craves; when every muse,  
And every blooming pleasure, wait without  
To bless the widdly devious morning walk?

Is it the fact that James Thomson used to lie in bed till between eleven and twelve at noon?

OVER THE PLAINS TO COLORADO.

Our Sketches of the western prairie country towards the Rocky Mountains, some of which have already been published, were drawn by the Rev. Brooke Herford, now of Boston, formerly of Chicago, and long resident in Lancashire, a well-known Unitarian minister of wide connections in England and in the United States. His tour in the West, of which few particulars have been communicated to us, extended to the south of Colorado, in the direction of New Mexico, on the Santa Fé line of railway; and one of these Sketches was taken soon after leaving Pueblo, a town on the Arkansas river. It represents a scene of sad destruction among the sheep, perhaps from drought and the failure of grass pasture, or from "over-driving," which is fatal to thousands of the poor animals in the vast distances they travel. The road south of Pueblo was littered for miles with their dead bodies, and it was said that one flock had lost a hundred in a single day. The other Sketch is that of a party of emigrants, on their way south, resting beside their waggons and sitting by the fire at which they have cooked their evening meal. A graphic description of the country will be found in Dr. W. H. Russell's book, "Hesperother: or, Notes from the West," published in 1882, the author having accompanied a party of English railway directors and gentlemen interested in land investments, along the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railway, and by the Southern Pacific line, across New Mexico and Arizona, to the southern part of California, through a region which has recently been opened to settlement, and which possesses great natural resources. The Duke of Sutherland was one of the party. The general character of the scenery changes entirely with the gradual ascent to a higher level in proceeding westward from Kansas.

"The plain is covered with tufted grass, the soil is thin and scanty. At long intervals, there is a wooden shanty; now and then, a roof visible above the ground, covering an excavated dwelling, the solitary window just even with the ground, the doorway buried in a covered way, and the early inhabitant putting out his or her head to inspect the passing train. Here, not long ago, Pawnees and Apaches hunted the wild buffalo, of which there were immense herds. The prairie dogs are seen popping up their inquisitive faces; turkey buzzards are soaring over the carcasses of cattle killed on the line. By the margin of the river, under the shade of belts of cotton-wood trees, stand herds of wild-looking cattle; we see, presently, vast flocks of sheep and lambs, and droves of horses, the mares with foals at their feet, tended by mounted men accompanied by slim wiry greyhounds. As we progress westward, the marshes become more frequent, but the character of the soil improves; patches of flowers, purple, blue, and yellow, give brightness to the colouring of the prairie grass. There is here more life, and greater show of cattle and horses. Toiling over the track parallel to the railway come 'desert schooners,' or covered carts, with white tilt roofs, of emigrants and explorers, making ever westward across the plain. We pass groups of tents, where such wayfarers are resting, the women and children gazing at our special train. We see more tall, long-haired, wild-looking men tending their herds, or riding, lasso in hand, after the wild colts scampering in the distance; for we are now in New Mexico. The 'burro,' or donkey, which plays an important part in Mexican domestic economy, abounds in this part of the country. But if a South African Boer, in a trance, were taken up by the breeches, and were dropped hereabouts, he would surely begin to look for his house. It is the Transvaal all over, and there is the Drakensberg, with patches of snow on the peaks near at hand! The land does not flow with milk and honey, or even with much water; but there is wealth of sheep, horses, and herds; and there is coal in the hills." We understand, however, that for agriculturists with small capital it is a country by no means suitable, and that grain crops are not to be relied upon; for pastoral undertakings on a large scale, especially for rearing oxen, it is probably equal to most parts of Australia still left open to occupation, and has better access to the markets of the world.

A return relating to the National Debt was issued on Tuesday morning, showing that the total debt in the year 1857-8 was £837,144,597, since when it had decreased year by year to £754,455,270 in 1883-4, the latter amount being £6,232,852 less than in the previous year. The total debt paid off in 1883-4 was £8,031,306, leaving the total amount of the debt at the end of the year £746,423,964.



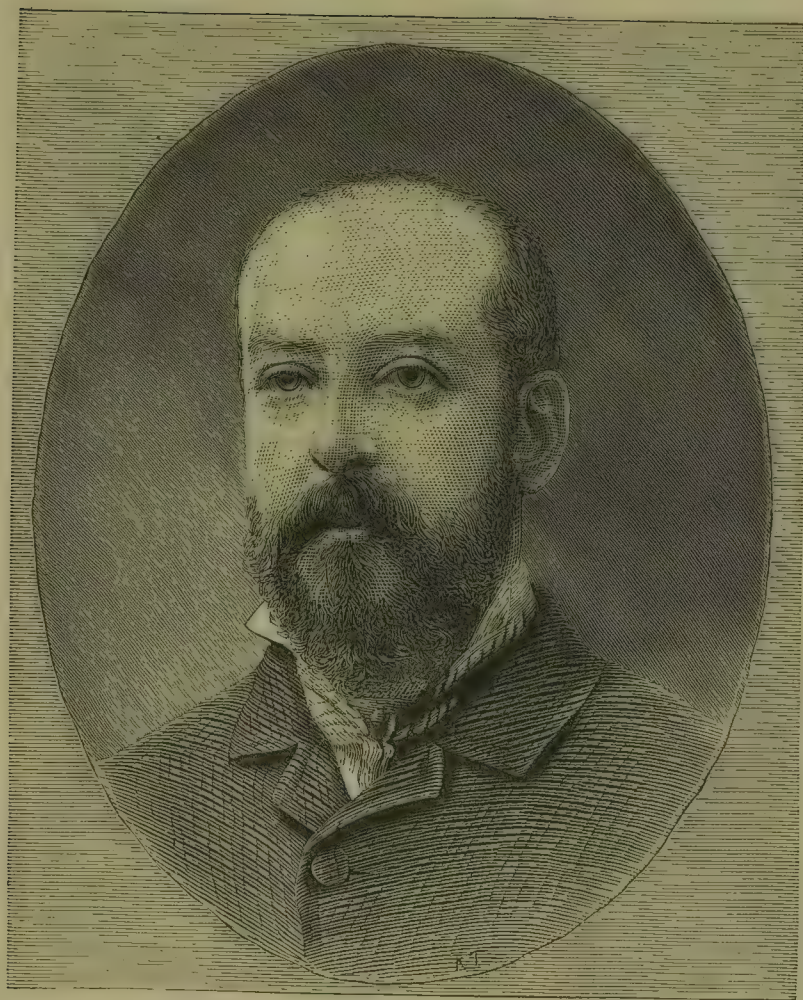


DEAD OVER-DRIVEN SHEEP ON THE ROAD SOUTH OF PUEBLO.

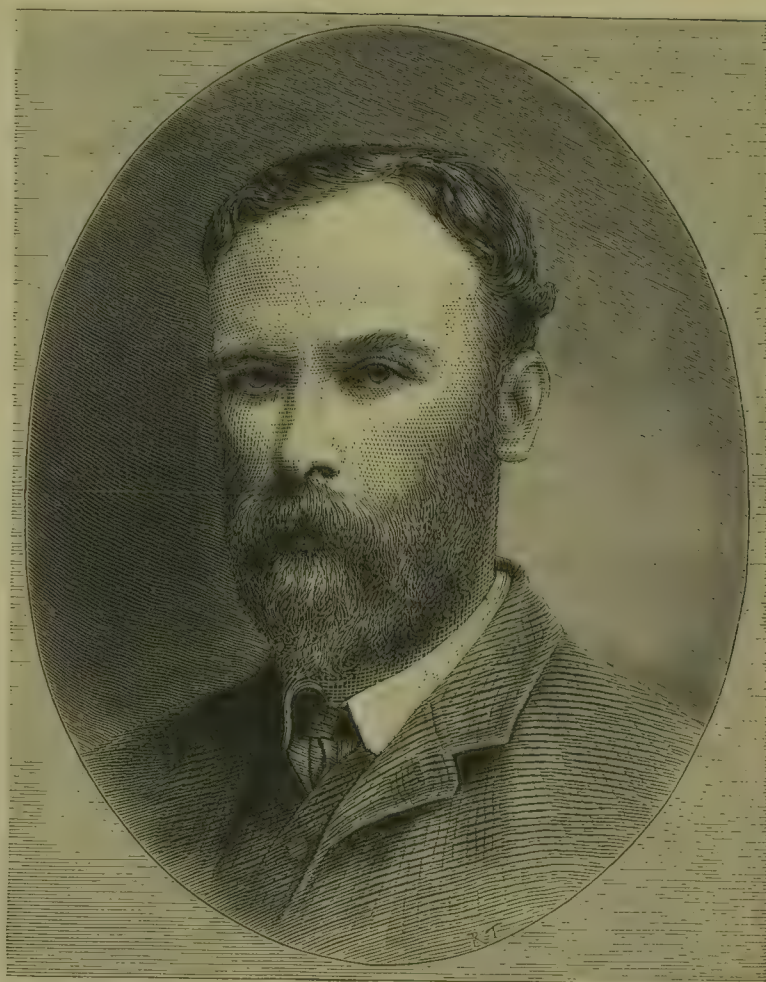


EMIGRANTS ON THEIR WAY SOUTH-WEST.  
OVER THE PLAINS TO COLORADO.





SIR J. D. LINTON,  
PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.



MR. J. W. WATERHOUSE, A.R.A.

#### SIR H. DRUMMOND WOLFF, M.P.

The mission of this able and experienced Foreign Office agent to Constantinople and to Cairo is intended to prepare the way for a settlement of the Egyptian Question. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, who was born at Malta in October, 1830, is son of the Rev. Dr. Joseph Wolff, the adventurous missionary traveller, whose visit to Bokhara, in 1843, at the time of the murder of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, excited much interest. Dr. Wolff was a very learned and clever Jewish Rabbi of Bavaria, who became, while young, a convert to Christianity, at first in the Roman Catholic Church, but afterwards joined the Church of England, and in 1821 undertook a series of missionary tours in the East. He married Lady Georgiana, daughter of the second Earl of Orford, and settled in the Vicarage of Isle Brewers, Somersetshire. His son was educated at Rugby, and at a foreign University; entered the Foreign Office in 1846; was an Attaché at Florence in 1852, and at Brussels in 1856, and became Private Secretary to Lord Malmesbury in 1858. In the following year, he was appointed Secretary to the Lord High Commissioner for the Ionian Islands, and during three years was employed in commissions of inquiry concerning their affairs. For these services he was created a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and had a pension allotted to him when the British Protectorate of those islands was terminated in June, 1864. In 1874, Sir H. Drummond Wolff was elected M.P. for Christ Church, and in 1880 for Portsmouth, acting with the Conservative Party. In 1878, he was appointed British Commissioner for the settlement of the constitutional government of Eastern Roumelia, after the war between Russia and Turkey, and is considered to have performed his task with much ability and practical success. He was rewarded with the honours of a Knight of the Bath, and Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George. He is author of a book on Napoleon at Elba, and of treatises on the Suez Canal, the principles of colonial policy, and other public questions.



SIR H. DRUMMOND WOLFF, K.C.B., M.P.,  
SPECIAL COMMISSIONER TO TURKEY AND EGYPT.

#### SIR JAMES D. LINTON.

The President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours has been elevated by her Majesty the Queen to an equality of rank with the Presidents of the other "Royal" societies for the advancement of the Fine Arts; namely, the Royal Academy (Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.), the Royal Scottish Academy (Sir William Fettes Douglas), the Royal Hibernian Academy (Sir T. A. Jones), and the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours (Sir John Gilbert, R.A.) This act on her Majesty's part, in conferring the knighthood, is a due recognition of the claims of the Royal Institute, and of the important position which it has now assumed, having among its hundred members not a few of high professional eminence, and providing, at its handsome and commodious galleries in Piccadilly, one of the best exhibitions of the London season; it has also established a school of art, which has already done good work, and will be extended and improved when the requisite funds are supplied. Sir James D. Linton, the President, is an artist who stands in the front rank of water-colour painters dealing with figure subjects; and he has also painted in oils some works of merit and importance, comprising the series of pictures illustrative of general history, which were exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery and at the Royal Academy, and his picture of the marriage of the Duke of Albany, painted for the Queen, which was in the Royal Academy Exhibition last year. He had the honour of presenting, a few weeks since, the gift of the Royal Institute to Princess Beatrice upon the occasion of the wedding of her Royal Highness; it consisted of a beautiful album containing many small drawings by members of the Royal Institute, and was received with much pleasure, as noticed at the time.

Mr. Arthur John Hammond Collins, Q.C., has been knighted on his appointment as Chief Justice at Madras.



THE END OF THE SOUAKIM RAILWAY AT OTAO.



PRIVATE ENTERPRISE IN THE SOUDAN.







## MR. J. W. WATERHOUSE, A.R.A.

Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, who is in no way related to Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, the architect, elected at the same time to full membership of the Academy, has reached the Associateship at a far earlier age than most competitors for that honour. He was born at Rome in 1849, but was brought at an early age to England. He was educated partly at Leeds, but, at an early age came to London and entered as a pupil at the Royal Academy. His first works, however, "The Vendéen," "The Unwelcome Companion," and "Pygmalion and the Statue," exhibited at the Society of British Artists in 1873, showed the influence of sympathy with French art. In the following year, he exhibited his first Academy picture, "Sleep and his Half-Brother Death"; and for a time seemed disposed to follow in the footsteps of Mr. Watts; but subsequently forsook him as a guide in favour of Mr. Alma Tadema. Since 1874 he has regularly exhibited at Burlington House, his principal works being "Miranda" and "Whispered Words" (1875), "After the Dance" (1876), "A Sick Child in the Temple of Æsculapius" (1877), "The Remorse of Nero" (1878), and "La Favorita" (1879). Classical subjects thenceforward seem to have occupied his attention; and of these the most noteworthy have been "The Household

Gods" (1880), "The Favourites of the Emperor Honorius" (1883), and "Consulting the Oracle" (1884), in all of which a careful study of archæology and history has been combined with bold drawing and rich colouring, to a degree attained by few of the followers of Mr. Alma Tadema and his forerunner, Baron Leys.

## CIVILISATION IN THE EASTERN SOUDAN.

Our military expeditions up the Nile and round about Souakim, which have cost many millions sterling and the lives of many good British soldiers, not to think of some thousands of equally brave natives of the Soudan, ought to have produced some valuable results in the progress of civilisation. The pair of Sketches presented this week are memorials of what there was to show for our labours and conflicts in the hill country near Souakim three months ago, when Tambouk, the most advanced post, was evacuated by the troops under the command of Sir Gerald Graham. One of them, by Sergeant W. A. Barling, of the Commissariat and Transport Corps, shows the camp at Otao, as it stood on May 16, with the signal station and a mountain battery of artillery upon a mound to the left hand, and with the tents below. The distance from Souakim, nineteen miles, is indicated by an inscription on the mile-post in the foreground. Here

is the end of that abortive undertaking, the Souakim and Bember Railway, which was to have done wonders in connecting the Nile with the Red Sea, and to have made an opening for commercial enterprise beyond the stony desert. Thus far the rails were laid, and the locomotive ran over part of the line, conveying stores. The rails have since been taken up. As for the companion Illustration, copied from a photograph, it is a proof that certain departments of English private enterprise, in the ubiquitous exercise of modern advertising ingenuity, contrive to make their mark on the remotest scenes of warfare, and with characters perhaps more enduring than the traces of our public policy in the Soudan. A cluster of rocks, in a somewhat conical form, rises at Otao to the height of 100 ft.; this eminence, called "the Tower Rock," was used as a post for sentries. Our London readers will not be surprised that, during the presence of our gallant countrymen at that place, some clever agent of a well-known branch of retail trade, which is appreciated all over the world, took advantage of the smooth surface of the stone, presenting a clear space of 250 ft. square, to exhibit in letters 4 ft. 6 in. high the interesting legend that "PEARS' SOAP IS THE BEST." It ought to have been accompanied by an Arabic translation, for the benefit of the Soudanese natives, with a reproduction of that famous picture in which they might see how the best of soaps will serve to wash a blackamoor white.

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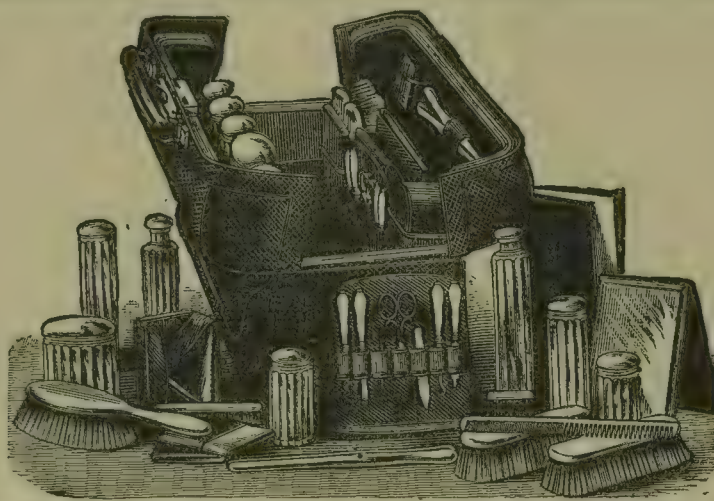
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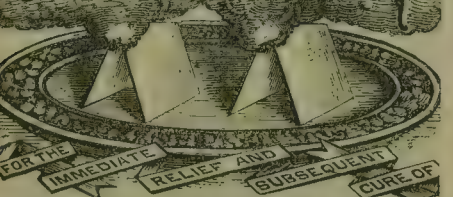
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DRAWN BY W. H. OVEREND.

"Mr. Trelawney, take my hand."

## THE MASTER OF THE MINE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN,

AUTHOR OF "GOD AND THE MAN," "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," &amp;c.

The visions of the earth were gone and fled—  
He saw the giant Sea above his head.—*Keats' Endymion.*

### CHAPTER XV.

#### UNDER THE SPELL.

For some days after that, I saw nothing whatever of Madeline; indeed, so close was she kept in the great house that she might never have existed at all. I began to think that she had taken her departure from Cornwall, but I was wrong. One day, the seventh from that on which the life-boat had brought Madeline to shore, I made a minute inspection of the mine, which every day grew more dangerous, and came up from my work covered with filth from head to foot. I had passed the last ladder, and stood on terra firma, at the mouth of the mine, dazzled by the quick transformation from pitch darkness to broad daylight, when my ears were struck by the sound of a voice which passed like sudden music through my frame. I rubbed my eyes and looked about me, and there, not far from where I stood, was my old sweetheart. She was dressed now in an elegant costume of grey, which fitted her to perfection; a little hat with long plumes was on her head, and her face, looking lovelier than ever, glowed and sparkled in the light: with her rich brown skin and sparkling black eyes, her erect carriage, graceful tread, she looked like some Eastern Princess! She was walking towards the spot where I stood; George Redruth was beside her; while behind followed the black girl, Anita, her dark eyes fixed upon her mistress. This sudden encounter had so unnerved me that, for a moment, it deprived me of the power both of speech and motion. Quickly recover-

ing myself, however, I was about to move away, and so avoid embarrassment, when the master's voice arrested me.

"Trelawney," he said; "one moment." I paused.

"Yes, Sir."

"Miss Graham wishes to go down the mine. I tell her it is impossible. What do you say? Is it fit for a lady?"

I was about to reply when Madeline interposed.

"Don't worry about it, George," she said, "I've abandoned the idea." Then, stepping up to me, she held forth her little gloved hand. I bowed over it, but did not take it, giving as an excuse that I was not fit to approach her.

"I daresay you were in quite as forlorn a condition the other morning when you snatched me from the wreck," she said; "yet you did not hesitate then, when your own life was in peril. Mr. Trelawney, take my hand."

I did as she requested, I clasped the little hand in both of mine and raised it respectfully to my lips. In doing so, I caught a glimpse of George Redruth's face: it was black as the pit mouth.

"Now, my dear Madeline," he said, impatiently, "shall we go back?"

But Madeline was not ready, or perhaps she was too imperious to be so ordered by her cousin. She had abandoned all intention of descending the mine; but she was, nevertheless, anxious to inspect the outside of it.

"But you can go," she said. "Mr. Trelawney will escort me."

"Nonsense!" returned her cousin. "Trelawney has got his work to attend to. I will stay."

And he did stay, for fully two hours; at the end of which time she allowed him to take her away.

Three other days passed without a sign from her; then I encountered her again. It was in the evening, when I was walking home. This time she was alone; except for the servant, who walked at a respectful distance behind her. She came up to me unreservedly, and again held forth her hand. Having shaken hands with her, I paused, not very well knowing what to do; when she helped me.

"I came to walk back with you," she said. "Do you mind?"

"I mind?" I repeated, in amazement. "You forget, Miss Graham, it is an honour for me to walk beside you."

She gave a little impatient toss of her head, and we walked on together. For some time not a word was spoken, but I felt that she was watching me keenly. Presently she said,

"Do you know what I have been doing, Mr. Trelawney?"

"No."

"I have been trying to find in you one trace of the boy I knew, years ago, at Munster's—and I have failed."

"I don't understand."

"No? Well, I will explain. The boy I knew was kind to me; frank, open-hearted, generous. You are somewhat unfriendly; reserved, harsh, and, if I may say so, churlish. Why are you so changed?"



"I am not changed, Miss Graham; or, if I am, it is but with the tide of fortune, which has ebbed and not flowed with me since we met before. When we were at Munster's I believed we were equals, but now"—

"Yes; now?"

"You are Miss Madeline Graham; I am the overseer of your cousin's mine."

"Then you wish us to remain strangers?"

"I think it would be better?"

"Ah! you are crueler than I thought; if you will not accept my friendship for the sake of the old days when we were boy and girl together, you will, at least, have some pity upon me. I am lonely and amongst strangers here. You seem like an old friend. If you will suffer me to talk to you sometimes it will make my stay here more pleasant."

Her pleading won the day, and we became friends. I never went to Redruth House, and she never came to the cottage. I never sought her, but quite innocently and frankly she sought me. We often went on the moor when, after my long day's work, I was making my way home, and I could not regard these meetings as purely accidental on her part. She was always accompanied by the black girl, until one evening, when she appeared alone.

"You are looking for Anita!" said Madeline, noting my glance. "She has gone to London with my aunt's maid, and will not return till close on midnight. My cousin counselled my staying at home to-night, or allowing him to accompany me. I knew I should not want for company, so refused to submit. I may not enjoy these walks much longer."

"What! are you going away?" I asked, in some alarm.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Perhaps! I don't know; certainly I shall have to go sooner or later, but I trust it may not be sooner. When I was shipwrecked here I was on my way to London, to take up my abode with some other relations. They are troubling me with questions, so I have sent up Anita to satisfy them as to my safety. Yet I suppose I shall some day have to go."

She tried to speak carelessly, yet I fancied I detected a ring of regret in her voice, and I quailed before the feeling of desolation which her words brought to my heart.

In that one sentence she had unwittingly shown to me myself—revealed to me the terrible secret which I had been vainly trying to crush from my heart. Even as she had influenced my boyhood, she influenced my manhood.

I loved her with the same unthinking love which had filled my soul as a boy—loved her even while I felt that such a love might be the means of blighting my life. I knew that no good could come of it, for was she not as far removed from me as the moon was removed from the sea; and yet I felt at that moment that to love her so, be it only for one hour, was worth whole centuries of pain.

She walked with me as far as the cottage, and, pausing at the little wicket gate, gave me her hand.

"Good-night, Mr. Trelawney," she said, softly; "it is not good-bye yet!"

Again I raised her hand, and pressed it to my lips; then I dimly remember entering the cottage; but all seemed unreal—save the one overmastering fact that, fool that I was, I was the slave of Madeline Graham!

## CHAPTER XVI.

BY THE SEA.

The next day was Sunday. I rose early and put on my idling clothes, a dark suit of tweed. That I took more than usual pains with myself may be assumed from the fact that my aunt, as I strolled in to breakfast, started, and looked at me from head to foot in no little surprise. Then she sighed deeply, and glanced at my uncle, who, also dressed for the day, in a suit of solemn black, was sitting moodily by the fire.

For many days past, there had been noticeable a curious change in my uncle's manner. I scarcely observed it at the time, for my heart was too full of other and pleasanter impressions; but afterwards, when I came to think it over, I remembered vividly what had previously passed without remark. To begin with, he looked at least ten years older. His old cheery laugh was gone; and his eyes had a hard, far-away look, very different to their former happy brightness. Sometimes, as we sat together, he would rise abruptly and pass out of the house, leaving the meal on the table untouched. My aunt seemed to forget her own trouble in watching him; and nothing could surpass the silent tenderness with which she waited upon him, never breathing a word of her solicitude, but showing in a hundred gentle ways her wifely sympathy and devotion.

On the present occasion we breakfasted very late; and as we sat, there came to us, faintly wafted over the distant moorland, the sound of the church bells. My uncle started, listened, and drew back his chair. Then, before we could say a word, he seized his hat, and left the house.

"Gaw after him, Hugh!" cried my aunt—adding quickly, "Na, stay! Maybe 'tis better to let 'un be. Oh, Hugh, Hugh, he's never been the same man since our Annie went fra hame!"

And the tears streamed down her worn cheeks as she spoke, and her voice was broken.

"Don't fret, aunt," I said, gently. "I'm sure Annie is all right—indeed, you know from her own letter that no harm has come to her."

"I'm nawt fretting for Annie, it's for father!" was the reply.

"I dawns't know what there be upon his mind, but he's terrible changed; and what be worst, he won't speak o't even to me; but keeps it like a canker-worm, a-gnawing and eating out his life. I were watching him just now, and I know'd well what were passing through 'un's mind."

"What?"

"First he saw thee dressed and smart, and he thought haw his Annie, too, would be sitting, ready for church o' Sundays; and then the bells sounded, and all the happy time cam' back upon poor father's heart. Oh, Hugh! if you and Annie had been different to one another, father would ha' been happy still; but I dawns't blame 'ee, lad—it were no fault o' yourn!"

But though she acquitted me in words, there was in a manner a certain affectionate reproach.

"Aunt," I said, "I would cut off my hand to put things right; but Annie never cared for me, and I"—

I paused awkwardly, knowing well that I had never loved my cousin.

"The Lawd will punish her!" cried my aunt, bitterly. "I'll ne'er forgie her! If she had stayed at hame like a decent lass, it would all ha' come right i' the end. But she went wi' scarce a ward, and wherever she be, the Lawd will punish her!"

"Nay, nay," I said, rising and putting my hand on my aunt's shoulder, "don't be hard on poor Annie! She'll soon come back, and then all will be explained."

My aunt's manner changed again, and the tears streamed from her eyes anew.

"Oh, Hugh, my lad, think you our lassie will ever coom back?"

"Of course. 'Twas but a lass's whim for change; she'll

soon tire and return. I'm sure no harm has happened to her, and she was always kind and loving."

"Saw she were, Hugh, saw she were! Hugh, will 'ee speak to father, and try to cheer 'un?"

I nodded, then stooping, I kissed my aunt on the cheek. The Sabbath bells still rang from the distance, clearly and sweetly. The sun looked in through the window, and a sun-beam trembled on the paven floor.

"Shall you gaw to church, lad?" asked my aunt, as I moved to the door.

"Not to-day," I replied. "I'm going for a walk on the moor."

She looked at me keenly, and I saw that she guessed my secret; for the truth was, I was hoping and praying to meet with Madeline. With a heavy sigh, she turned away, and began removing the breakfast things.

Once outside, I breathed again. It was a calm, beautiful, sunny day, with just a touch of frost in the clear sparkling air. Far away the sea shone like silver.

I hesitated a moment, then walked down the road towards the lodge gate—towards the very spot, where, years before, I had first met George Redruth. No one was about; a Sabbath stillness lay everywhere; and the faint sound of the far-off bells only rendered it deeper.

I paused at the gate, and looked up the avenue. There was no sign of anyone. I longed to walk right up to the great house and inquire for her I sought; but I lacked the courage. What was I, a common overseer of the mine, to go following the footsteps of a proud lady? If I could meet her by accident, good and well; but I did not wish even her to suspect that I was so anxious for the meeting.

Perhaps she had gone on to church. If so, doubtless George Redruth was in her company. I fretted at the thought, and turned away. At last, weary with waiting, I determined to seek forgetfulness in a long walk across the moor, such as I had told my aunt I had intended to take.

Quitting the road, I followed a path which led right over the open moorland in the direction of the sea. The air was full of lightness and sweetness; but my spirits by this time had sunk to freezing-point. As to forgetting the one object of my thought, that was simply impossible. My soul was full of one image, which went with me at every step I took.

I had wandered about a mile when I perceived, by the side of a lonely moorland tarn—one of those dark, turf-stained pools which cast back the light like polished ebony, and are often mysteriously deep—the figure of a man. He was sitting on a fragment of rock, and looking at the water.

Coming up quickly, I recognised my uncle.

Our eyes met, but he did not speak. Turning his head away, he looked down at the tarn.

"Why, uncle," I cried, "I thought you were at church!"

"Naw, lad," he answered, still with his head averted; "naw, lad, I were in naw mood for to kneel and pray. I came out yar on the waste land, and I sat down yar, a-thinking."

I put my hand upon his shoulder.

"Uncle, you're not angry? With me, I mean?"

"Naw, lad," he replied, in the same low, listless tones. "I ha' no call to be angry, least of all wi' thee. Don't 'ee mind me—gang your gait, and lea' me here alane."

But I remembered my promise to my aunt, and was determined not to leave him so. So I sat down by his side, saying:

"You've no reason to take it so much to heart; it's making trouble, I think, before it comes. I know well why you're fretting yourself so much. It's about Annie; but, take my word for it, Annie's all right, and will soon come back home."

He turned his face towards mine. How strangely wild and weary it seemed, set in its iron-grey hair.

"Sometimes I think, lad, as she'll never coom back; and if she do, will she e'er again be the same little Annie I used to know? But it's nawt that, my lad, it's nawt that as is on my mind."

"Then what is it? Annie, I am sure, is well and happy: so what can it be?"

He looked at me long and steadfastly before he replied.

"If my lass went away, it mun ha' been because o' trouble; and if 'twere trouble, 'twere a kind that she were feared to tell even to her awn father. That letter my Annie writ came from a sore heart—maybe a heart some villain had broken; and what I think, lad, other folk think too—I ha' seen them whispering it to one anawther, and looking at me!"

Of course I understood him well enough; for the same thought had often enough been in my own mind.

"Whatever has happened," I said, "be sure of one thing—Annie is not to blame! Uncle, do you know what I have often suspected? My cousin left us only for a little while, because she wished to be out of George Redruth's way."

"What d'ye mean?" he cried, starting, and trembling violently.

"There was something between them. He had won her heart, perhaps. Then, distrusting him, and knowing the great distance between their stations, she said to herself, 'I will go away for a time till I am cured, or till he has left the place.'"

My uncle frowned thoughtfully, and shook his head.

"Naw, Hugh—there be more in 't than that; but, whate'er it be, I'm sure the young master had no hand in 't. I know you never liked 'un, Hugh; but Master Jarge has a kind heart, and would never do a dirty deed. Why, I ha' knawed him and sarved him ever sin' he were a boy, and I'd trust 'un wi' my own life."

In pity for his trouble, I forbore to tell him all I knew. Even had I done so, I believe his simple faith in the "master" would have remained firm.

"It's of summat else I'm thinking, lad," he said, after a pause; "summata that were tawld me t' other day by John Rudd. Three or four days arter Annie went away, John Rudd he saw her in Falmouth, alawng wi' that Yankee chap, Johnson, the overseer."

He noticed my start of surprise, and continued.

"They were standing talking together on the quay, and Annie were crying. Maybe there's summata in it, and maybe nawt; but sin' the night she went, overseer chap has been away—folk say, in London. Putting this and that together, Hugh, my lad, what do it all mean?"

I was as puzzled as himself; but I hastened to assure him of one thing—the utter impossibility of there being any intimate relationship between my cousin and the pseudo-American. He looked somewhat incredulous, for in his simple eyes Johnson was a stylish and important person, very likely to find favour in the eyes of a young woman.

He rose wearily, and held out his hand.

"Lea' me to think it out, lad. My mind be fixed that summata's wrang, and I shan't sleep till I knaw the truth, the whole Gospel truth. I ha' been praying and praying that things be nawt as I ha' feared, for if any living man had played the villain wi' my Annie, Lawd help him! Lawd keep him from the reach o' my hands!"

As I looked into his face, I could not help echoing the prayer. I felt certain, at the same time, that his fears and

suspicious had shot greatly in excess of the truth. I knew that scandal was busy with poor Annie's name, and that much of the scandal must have reached his ears; but I could not yet bring myself to believe that Annie's flight betokened anything seriously wrong. Of one thing I felt, nevertheless, certain—that if wrong *had* been done, George Redruth was in some way responsible.

I stood and watched my uncle, as he wandered away in the direction of our home; then I turned my face again towards the sea, and wandered on. As I went, the moor grew opener and wilder, strewn with great stones and boulders like fragments of the wreck of some past world; some huge as menhirs translated thither in some prehistoric period of wondrous floods—when the arid waste on which I trod was the oozy bottom of a troubled sea.

Here and there fed wild cattle, black and horned, like those that haunted the woods of Ancient Britain. In solitary places the buzzard hovered, and by the brink of lonely tarns the heron waded, rising up as I approached, with sleepy waft of wing.

At last, after a ramble of several miles, I approached the sea margin. My path was now on the stony edge of low-lying cliffs, at the base of which the waters thundered for ever. Here I found a lonely promontory of black granite, stretching out into the sea, and whitened at its limits by the chalky droppings of innumerable sea-birds. On a rocky island a few yards from the extreme point of the promontory, sat a flock of cormorants; as I approached, they turned their snake-like necks, but did not rise.

The sun was warm and bright, the sea calm and shimmering like steel. I threw myself down on the rocks, and, with face upturned to the clear skies, closed my eyes. A large black-winged gull wheeled, screaming, over me, and then sailed slowly away. All I heard was the low murmur of the billows breaking sadly on the rocks beneath me—that sound which "deepens silence," and has such solemn meanings for the troubled human soul.

Suddenly another sound broke upon my ear. I started, and listened. The sound seemed to come from the sea itself, and was like a mermaid singing. I rose quickly, and, crossing the rocks, walked in the direction from which the voice came.

Approaching the edge of the crags, I looked down, and saw beneath me, in the very shadow of the promontory, a quiet creek. The rocks fell asunder, leaving a space of sandy beach, some twenty yards broad, and closed by the still waters of the sea, which broke in a thin fringe of white foam on a sunny slope of white pebble and golden sand.

It was a nook just such as the fabled merwomen or sirens might have chosen when the world was haunted, and such fair creations brightened the sunshine. But what am I saying? It was haunted still, and by one far sweeter and more winsome than any mere creation of a poet's fancy!

Lying like a basking seal on the loose shingle just under the rocks, and looking up at me with sparkling eyes, was the coloured girl from Demerara; and standing on the water's edge, with her face looking seaward, was Madeline Graham.

(To be continued.)

## THE BANKRUPTCY ACT.

The report of the Inspector-General in Bankruptcy for the year ending Dec. 31 last, recently issued, shows that the number of bankruptcy cases in 1884 was 1470, against 8555 in 1883, being the lowest for the past ten years. Although the decrease was so large in the number of cases there was an increase in their importance, the cases in 1883 averaging a total liability of £2486 per case, while 3260 cases in the first year of the new Act showed an average of £3082 per case; in the same way the assets under the old Act averaged £700 per case against £956 under the new. From those figures it appeared that there was a great diminution in the number of insolventcies wound up under the provisions of the bankruptcy law, and that the average size of the estates is larger. The chief cause of this steady reduction is no doubt to be found in the fact that since the great financial collapses of 1878-9 general credit has been much restricted, and speculation has declined.

As to the causes of failures, the Inspector-General expresses the belief that the chief cause is not a decrease in the volume of business so much as a want of caution in its conduct. Such a want of caution is clearly exhibited when traders give a large amount of credit recklessly, or when they knowingly carry on their business at a loss; and there is good reason for believing that most failures are due to one or other of these causes. It is true that failures are likewise brought about to a considerable extent by a sudden collapse in a particular industry; but, with one or two exceptions of this character, which have not contributed materially to augment the number of bankruptcies, there has been no sudden collapse in the trade of the country during the past year. It may therefore be concluded that the diminution in the number of failures, while it by no means indicates a condition of increased prosperity in trade, is the natural result of a greater development of caution both in giving and taking credit. The tendency of the Bankruptcy Act has unquestionably been to foster these results.

The net estimated total to creditors during the year was, under the Act of 1869, £3,248,332, and under the Act of 1883 £7,766,821—a total of £11,015,153. The working of the new Act showed a decrease in the cost of administration of about one-half, and, in the case of estates of over £700, of about three-fourths, the percentage of assets consumed in costs under the old Act, in estates from £700 to £800, being 50.16, and under the new Act 10.80. This decrease in costs was accompanied by a corresponding increase in dividends.

The Right Hon. John Naish, ex-Lord Chancellor of Ireland, has been appointed a permanent Lord Justice of the Court of Appeal in Ireland.

The Treasury has, on the recommendation of the Admiralty, granted a pension of £500 a year to Admiral Sir Cooper Key, in recognition of his distinguished services throughout a period of thirty-two years, but more particularly as First President of the Royal Naval College at Greenwich for five years, and as First Naval Lord of the Admiralty for six years.

At a meeting of the Newcastle City Council last week, the Mayor stated that Sir Isaac Lowthian Bell, feeling that much of his success in life was due to his being a Newcastle man, desired to do something while he lived for his native place, and therefore offered the Council the hall and spacious grounds at Washington for public purposes. He (the Mayor) had suggested the hall should be made a convalescent home, and this had been agreed to.

It was agreed at a meeting in Edinburgh last week, to make immediate efforts to secure the whole of the guarantee fund of £25,000 for holding an International Industrial Exhibition in that city. The sum of £15,000 has been received. Lord Lothian has accepted the presidency of the Committee, and Lord Aberdeen and the Lord Provosts of Edinburgh and Glasgow have become Vice-Presidents. It is proposed that a portion of the exhibition shall consist of a reproduction of parts of Old Edinburgh, which will be let for shops.



## THE ISLE OF THANET—MARGATE.

Ramsgate and Westgate are two of the "Three Gates of Health" on the sunny and breezy shores of that fair corner of Kent, now a peninsula, which was a real island, of course, when the Belgians, the Roman, and the Saxon sea-going vessels passed through a navigable tidal channel from Rutupia to Regulbium—from near Sandwich to near Herne Bay. The southern entrance to this channel, to be more precise, was at Ebbsfleet, and thence up the bed of what is now the river Stour, which then communicated with a northern watercourse flowing past Sarre to "Nordmuth," as Leland calls it, the North Mouth, a mile or so east of Reculvers. The straight distance across is about seven miles, but the water-way must have been at least ten; and a ferry at Sarre was the only common way of access to the island. For small open coasting-vessels, in rough weather, this channel, which could easily be reopened if it were worth while, offered the advantages of saving half the distance round the North Foreland, and of escaping northerly and easterly gales on that exposed part of the coast. It is recorded that Hurold, in the year 1052, returning from a maritime expedition, brought his fleet through this passage to the Thames, but we are not aware that it was used on any historical occasion after the Norman Conquest. The sea has gradually receded, and the tidal inlets at both ends have been choked up.

Margate, with its fashionable modern neighbour Westgate, is on the north coast of Thanet, while Ramsgate and Broadstairs are on the east coast, in sight of the Goodwin Sands. The sea air of Margate is certainly more bracing than that of the other coasts of Kent, and much more than anywhere on the Sussex coast. The aspect of the town is rather north-west; it occupies a valley and the hills at each side, the cliffs extending grandly to the east, with fine breezy downs, to Kingsgate and the North Foreland. The harbour is protected by a pier, with a lighthouse; and has also a jetty, with a tramway, for the accommodation of steam-boat passengers. The ordinary population of the town is about 20,000; but the number of people who find beds there in the season, especially from Saturday to Monday, is beyond computation. The sands are smooth for walking or lounging, sitting or lying upon, and the bathing is safe and agreeable. A spacious building, conspicuous below the face of the cliff, affords in its several parts a great variety of entertainments; it is the Marine Palace, shown in one of our Illustrations, and it attracts a multitude of visitors. There are performances also daily of a band of musicians in the open-air. Margate is a merry place in July and August, but is quiet enough during great part of the year. A few old-fashioned houses are still remaining in the town, besides the old Drapers' Hospital; and the antiquity of Dandelion, Salmston Grange, Quex, and Acol, within easy walks, is an antidote to the Cockney spirit of Margate in its rollicking season. As a "Gate of Health," no place can be better, and the finest possible sea air, if health be the object, is worth a little sacrifice of genteel exclusiveness. The Royal Sea-bathing Infirmary, at Westbrook, for the cure of scrofulous diseases, an institution munificently enlarged and endowed by the late Sir Erasmus Wilson, bears witness to the sanitary privileges of this favourite part of the Kentish coast. Once for all, to stop the mouths of scornful detractors who say that Margate is vulgar, we will finally quote "Kidd's Picturesque Companion." The date of our edition being half a century ago, its style is such as we could not hope to equal:—

"Of this highly favored watering place, it may be with propriety observed, that it contains within itself every thing to gratify the senses, and much to improve the understanding; and when we consider that no expense has been spared to ensure the comfort and accommodation of its visitants; the elegance of its public buildings; the softness and salubrity of its atmosphere; the restorative power of its waters; the refreshing coolness and bracing nature of its marine breezes; the bland and delightful scenery of its neighbourhood; the pleasing character of its public and private promenades; and the endless amusements which it possesses;—we cease to wonder that Margate stands pre-eminent among those summer retreats to which the nobility, gentry, and citizens of London annually retire from the noise and bustle of that overgrown Metropolis of the World."

## THE HEALING HAND OF TIME.

The sun-dial on a graveyard monument is a silent witness of the lapse of many days, and perhaps of several summers, which have slowly absorbed the more violent current of painful emotion in the mourner's heart; and she now stops, on her way to lay down the customary wreath on a parent's grave, and feels that the bitterness of her grief is at length past. It has been soothed by Time, that mysterious operation of the Divine Power, which rules all Life, human or of lower species, and which, though it certainly brings Death, will also bring consolation to survivors. This is a thought, apart from that of Immortality, which common experience of the cure of passionate sorrow in the bereaved, of their restoration at least to tranquillity of mind in the course of months and years, will not fail to have suggested to observant and reflecting persons. It is true that any great affliction of such a nature has an abiding effect on the sprightliness of youth: the boy or girl who was remarked to have suddenly become a grave young man, or an earnest woman, at the death of father or mother, will never again be so playful and careless as before. The last remaining vestiges of childhood are effaced from the character; but whatever the future disposition of the adult may be, it cannot long remain under the exclusive influence of that one burst of sorrow. The calls of every day to healthy activity, and to the enjoyment of whatever is refreshing, or even amusing, in outward circumstances, the interchange of social sympathies, and the pursuit of new objects, especially when shared with one or two friends, give a new surface to life, and soon close the grievous wound that had seemed to be mortal. This is "the healing hand of Time," which is felt by persons of every age and condition, and for which we should all be grateful, though false sentimentality affects to be ashamed of its effect, or to blame it as inconstancy and unkindness to the dead. The supposed duty or virtue of perpetual grief for those one has loved is a fallacy which does much serious mischief, by which thousands of the most affectionate and tender-hearted of women are tortured and rendered miserable, and the peace of families is too often destroyed.

It has been decided at the Chester Town Council to form a naval volunteer corps, a number of pilots engaged on the Dee having agreed to join.

The Queen has approved the appointment of Sir John Strachey, G.C.S.I., C.I.E., to be a member of the Council of India, in the room of Sir Barrow Ellis, K.C.S.I., whose period of office recently expired.

Mr. W. H. White, who some years ago left the Admiralty service to take up a position with Messrs. Armstrong and Mitchell, shipbuilders, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, has, it is stated, been reappointed to the Admiralty as Director of Naval Construction, in the place of Sir Nathaniel Barnaby, resigned.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 28, 1882) of Mr. William Barningham, late of Pendleton, near Manchester, and of Springfield, Darlington, was proved on the 27th ult. by Thomas Barningham, the nephew, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £295,000. The testator bequeaths £20,000, upon trust, for his daughter, Mary, for life, and then for her children; £15,000, upon trust, for each of his nephews, Thomas and William, for their respective lives, and then for their children; £2500, upon trust, for each of his nephews, Christopher, Sidney Charles, and Walter, and for his niece, Anne; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his said two nephews, Thomas and William.

The will (dated May 4, 1884), with a codicil (dated April 29, 1885), of Mr. Robert Brown, late of Ashworth Lodge, East Sheen, Surrey, who died on June 21 last, was proved on the 23rd ult. by Ralph Dodds, jun., and Henry Morrison Routhwaite, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £63,000. The testator bequeaths his furniture, plate, pictures, effects, horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Agnes Brown, and his daughter, Ann Barker; an immediate legacy of £200 to his wife; an annuity of £800 to his wife until his son, Robert William, attains twenty-one, and thenceforward an annuity of £400; and an annuity of £300 to his said daughter. He makes provision for his stepson, Robert Edwin Doeg, and there are bequests to his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son, Robert William.

The will (dated Feb. 10, 1885) of Mr. James Benham, late of No. 50, Wigmore-street, Cavendish-square, manufacturing ironmonger, who died on June 15 last, was proved on the 20th ult. by Henry John Benham, M.D., and Walter James Benham, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £60,000. The testator bequeaths £200 to Bloomsbury Baptist Chapel; £100 each to the Baptist Missionary Society, the London City Mission, the Baptist Building Fund, Regent's Park College, University College Hospital, and the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond-street, all free of duty; and legacies to nephews and nieces, the children of his four brothers, household servants, and coachman. To his son Henry John he gives the policies of insurance on his life, all his stocks, funds, shares, debentures, and securities of every kind, his interest in certain leasehold properties, and £6000, to be paid out of the assets in his partnership business; to his son Walter James the remaining assets in his partnership business, and he nominates him to succeed him therein; and to his wife, Mrs. Eliza Horsey Benham, an annuity of £500, charged in equal moieties on the said sum of £6000, and the remaining assets in his partnership business, and the residue of his property, real and personal.

The will (dated Nov. 13, 1880) of Mr. Thomas Emsley, late of Burley-in-Wharfedale, Yorkshire, who died on June 9 last, was proved at the Wakefield District Registry on the 9th ult. by James Walker Oxley, Harry Rouse (the nephew), and Marmaduke D'Arcy Wyvill, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £41,000. The testator bequeaths numerous and considerable legacies to relatives and others, including £15,000, upon trust, for Mary Rouse, daughter of his said nephew. He also bequeaths £6000 to the Church of England Missionary Society; £3000 to the Wesleyan Church at New Zealand; £2000 to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts; £1000 each to the Bradford Infirmary, Ilkley Convalescent Home, Harrogate Bath Hospital, the Yorkshire College at Leeds, for the purpose of endowing one or more scholarships, and the Leeds General Infirmary; £500 each to Coatham Convalescent Home, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Foundling Hospital, London, the Leeds Public Dispensary, the Leeds Guardian Society Asylum and General Penitentiary, the Leeds Institution for Deaf and Dumb Mutes, the Leeds Tradesmen's Benevolent Institution, the Leeds Hospital for Women and Children, and Cookridge Convalescent Hospital; and £250 each to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, the Leeds Social Improvement Society, the Leeds Benevolent or Strangers' Friend Society, the Leeds House of Recovery, and the Orphans' Home, Headingly. All the charitable legacies are directed to be paid out of such part of his personal estate as he may by law bequeath for charitable purposes, and in preference to all other payments thereout. All his real estate in Rodley and Bramley, Yorkshire, he leaves, upon trust, for Maxwell Emsley Rouse; all his real estate in Burley-in-Wharfedale and Ilkley, upon trust, for Cunningham Rouse; and the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for the said Maxwell Emsley Rouse and Cunningham Rouse, both sons of his nephew, Harry Rouse.

The will (dated July 18, 1885) of Mr. Robert Ellis, the well-known surgeon, formerly of 63, Sloane-street, S.W., and late of Sunset, Westward Ho! North Devon, who died on July 22 last, was proved on the 12th inst. by William Ashton Ellis and Reginald Henry Uther Ellis, two of the sons, and executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £33,000. The whole real and personal estate is directed to be sold and (after payment thereout of a few legacies) equally divided among testator's family.

The will (dated June 3, 1871) of Miss Elizabeth Sarah Fillingham, late of Syerston, Notts, who died on April 13 last, was proved on the 23rd ult. by George Henry Fillingham, the nephew, and Miss Caroline Fillingham, the niece, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £32,000. With the exception of legacies to her coachman and housekeeper, all the provisions of the will are in favour of testatrix's nephews and nieces.

The will (dated Feb. 27, 1885) of Mrs. Sarah Watts, late of No. 19, Wilton-place, Knightsbridge, who died on the 8th ult., was proved on the 28th ult. by Mrs. Sarah Smith, the daughter, and Henry Attlee, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £32,000. The testatrix bequeaths legacies to her three grand-daughters, to her executor, Mr. Attlee, and to the clerk of her late husband; all her other property she gives to her said daughter, absolutely.

The will (dated Nov. 1, 1883), with two codicils (dated Jan. 16 and May 4, 1885), of Mr. Edward Humphries, late of Mount Pleasant Hall, Pershore, Worcestershire, who died on May 21 last, was proved on the 21st ult. by Mrs. Elizabeth Humphries, the widow, Edward Thomas Humphries, the son, and Charles Simpson, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £28,000. The testator bequeaths £300 to his wife; and £2000 each to his children, Charles, Albert, Ernest, Sidney, Elizabeth Ann Lincoln, Kate, Florence, and Frances Emily Blanche. Mount Pleasant Hall estate he devises, upon trust, for his wife, for life; and then, charged with the payment of £20,000 in aid of his general estate, for his son Edward Thomas, for life, with remainder to his sons, successively, in tail male. The London Bank estate, Pershore, he settles on his son Frank, and bequeaths to him £500; and the residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for all his children. Provision is made for the carrying on of his agricultural implement works at Pershore.

## INVENTIONS EXHIBITION JURY AWARDS.

The awards of the various juries at the Inventions Exhibition, exclusive of those referring to the Music division, which will be made in October, have been published in a supplement to the *Gazette*. There have been given 235 gold medals, 438 silver medals, and 515 bronze medals.

In addition to these, diplomas of honour to the number of twenty-four have been awarded to Government Departments and public institutions only. In this category there appear the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, who receive a diploma for the excellence of the exhibit, more especially the fish torpedo, invented by Whitehead, as now manufactured in the Royal Laboratory, Woolwich, to which department considerable credit is due for its present excellence; Physical Society of London, for collective exhibit; Siamese Government, for general exhibit, textile fabrics, and gold, silver, and enamelled plate (gold and silver medals being also added); War Department—Royal Gunpowder Factory, for Abel's system of pulping and compressing gun-cotton; Royal Carriage Department, for general excellence of exhibit; Royal Gun Factories, for general excellence of exhibit of guns, and the high ingenuity displayed in their breech closing and sighting arrangements; Royal Laboratory, for general excellence of manufacture; Royal Small-Arms Factory, for general excellence, especially in improvements connected with service rifles, particularly as regards the quick-firer; Royal Engineers' Establishment, Chatham, for, 1st—employment of cheap mirrors for the electric light, 2nd—application of the vibrator, 3rd—Cardew's voltmeter, 4th—toughness and lightness of the material employed for military balloons, and its capability of retaining hydrogen gas; and 5th—the use of tubes for the storage of hydrogen gas under high pressure for balloon inflation; Committee of International Automatic Engraving Corporation, for general printing and engraving; British Horological Institute, for collective exhibit showing progress in technical training and illustrating high-class manufactures; Chinese Government, for general exhibit; Japan Government, for the general exhibit from its Agricultural Department, and the exhibits from the Education Department, arsenal, Government Printing Office (specimens of papers, bindings, and embossed wall-papers), Public Works and Telegraph Departments (21), medals, gold, silver, and bronze, also going to Japanese exhibitors; the Kew Committee of the Royal Society, for system of testing watches, instrument-testing apparatus, &c.; the Royal Meteorological Society, for apparatus; and the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, for improvements in life-boats.

The following gold medals have been awarded by the Society of Arts on the recommendations of the juries:—Badische Anilin und Soda Fabrik,\* for their improvements in the manufacture of colouring matters, and intermediate products from coal-tar. Bessemer, Sir Henry, F.R.S.,\* for the invention of Bessemer steel. Crooks, William, F.R.S., for his improvements in apparatus for the production of high vacua, and for his invention of the radiometer (Medal offered under the Fothergill Trust). Crossley Brothers, for the "Otto" gas-engine (Medal offered under the Howard Trust). Fox, Samson, for the invention of corrugated iron flues for steam-boilers (Medal offered under the Howard Trust). Gilchrist, Percy,\* for the Thomas-Gilchrist basis process of steel-making. Hathorn, Davey, and Co., for their domestic motor (Medal offered under the Howard Trust). Tweddell, Ralph, for his system of applying hydraulic power to the working of machine tools, and for the riveting and other machines which he has invented in connection with that system (Medal offered under the Howard Trust).

\* These medals were awarded by the Society of Arts in consequence of an application from the Jury Commission, who were anxious to carry into effect recommendations from the respective juries urging the claims of the exhibitors to special recognition.

## LONDON UNIVERSITY SUMMER EXAMINATIONS.

The results of the Intermediate Examinations in Arts and Science and of the Preliminary Scientific (M.B.) Examination, just published, mark an important innovation on the practice of previous years. Hitherto all candidates, whether intending to take honours or not, have been invariably required to pass in all the subjects of the pass examination previous to presenting themselves for honours. This year the pass and honour examinations have been in part held at the same time, and candidates for honours have been required to take a paper of honour questions instead of that set for mere passmen. This arrangement approximates to a slight extent to the usage of the older universities. But it should be observed, as this does not appear on the lists, that honourmen are still required to answer adequately the pass-papers in all the subjects in which they do not present themselves for honours. The novelty of the present arrangement has probably operated disadvantageously with some of the candidates, though the general average of success is not very far from being the same as that of last year.

For the Intermediate Examination in Arts there were 435 candidates, showing an increase this year of 55, as compared with last year—272 in all, passmen and honourmen have passed. The number of lady candidates was nearly the same as that of last year, though the number who have passed appears to be 29 this year against 38 in 1884. The proportion of successful candidates who have written merely "private study" after their names is large, amounting to nearly a third of the total, but it is worthy of notice that the proportion is smaller in the honour than in the pass list.

At the Intermediate Science (B.Sc.) Examination, the number of candidates was 97, of whom 55 have passed, a somewhat larger proportion than last year, male and female candidates maintaining about the same average.

At the Preliminary Scientific (M.B.) Examination, there were 243 candidates, of whom about half were successful. The longest list of honours is in English, though the third class is by far the largest, with only two candidates in the first. Two ladies obtained places in the second class.

At the Intermediate Examination in Medicine, following the Preliminary Scientific, the number of candidates who have passed is considerably greater than that of last year—82 against 66.

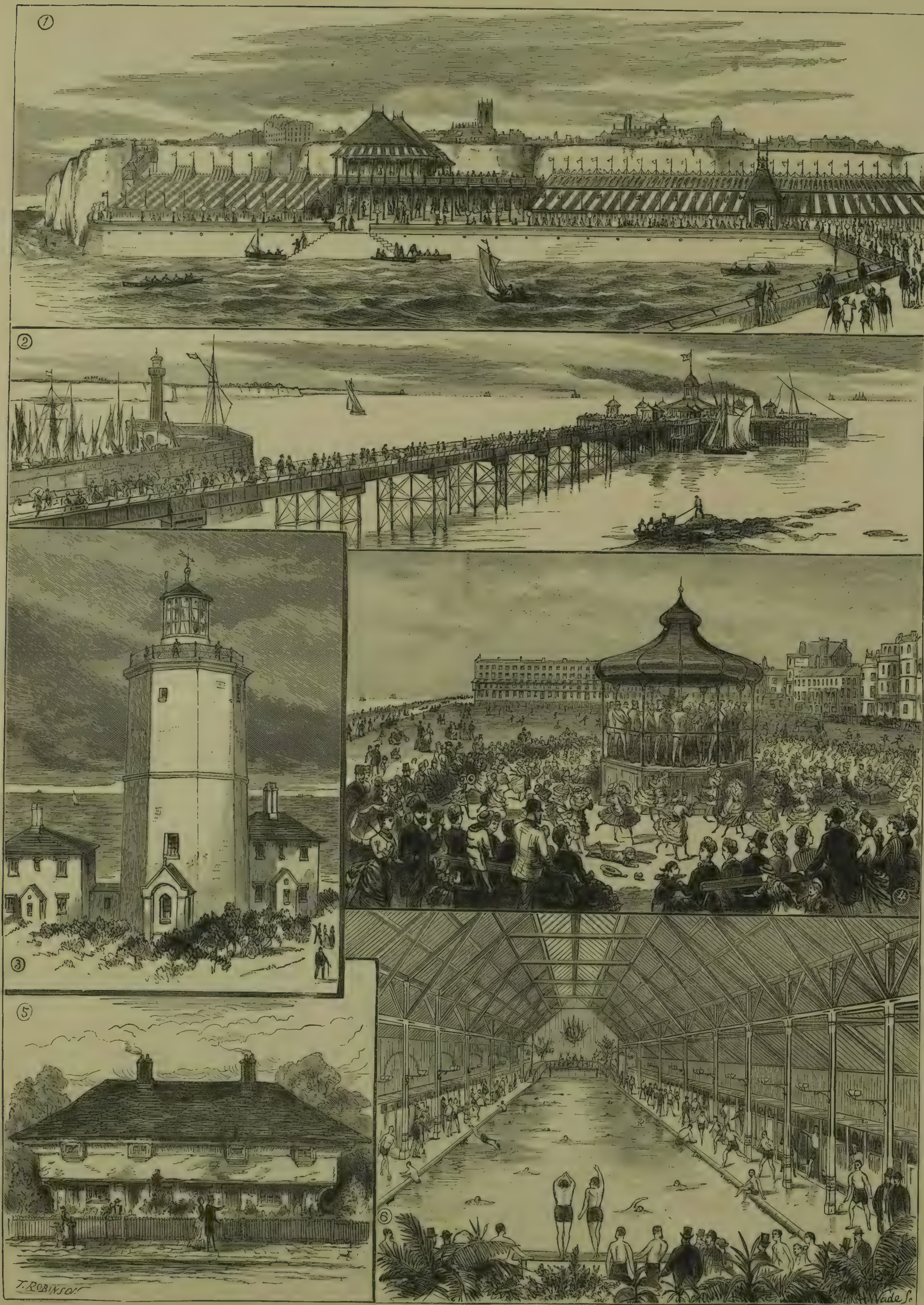
The Bar Committee have unanimously elected Sir Henry James as their chairman, in succession to the Lord Chancellor.

Sir Henry Ernest Bulwer, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Natal, has been appointed Governor-in-Chief of the island of Cyprus, in the room of Sir Robert Biddulph.

The Admiralty authorities intend to deepen that part of Dover Bay which lies to the extent of about seventy yards to the eastward of the Admiralty Pier.

In view of the intention of the late Mr. Samuel Fletcher, of Great Ancoats-street, Manchester, to build and endow a life-boat, the Queen has directed that a portion of his property, which, owing to his intestacy, has devolved on her Majesty, in right of her Duchy of Lancaster, shall be appropriated to the building and maintaining in perpetuity by the Royal National Life-Boat Institution of a life-boat, to be named the Samuel Fletcher, of Manchester. The new life-boat is shortly to be stationed at Blackpool, Lancashire.





1. The Marine Palace, Margate.  
2. The Jetty.

3. The North Foreland Lighthouse.  
4. Dance Music on the Fort.

5. An Old House.  
6. Swimming-bath in the Marine Palace.





"THE HEALING HAND OF TIME."

DRAWN BY W. RAINEY.



## NOVELS.

Something of the old romantic spirit and method, though the date and the appliances are very modern indeed, may be traced in *Heart's Delight*: by Charles Gibbon (Chatto and Windus), the three volumes whereof are devoted chiefly to the purpose of showing how the evil designs of the recreant knight, handsome, well born, daring, externally chivalrous but internally cut-throat-like, are defeated and brought to naught, so that the beautiful damsel, who is to be the prize of the victor, is delivered safe and sound at last to the care and protection of the honest man she loves. The honest man too, of course, turns out to be the true Prince, or rather the true Earl. For it is a tale of a disputed earldom; and occasion may be taken for remarking by the way that, if there be any old dame in possession of the Scottish "second sight," and of a secret which might clear up whatsoever of mystery there is connected with the earldom of Lauderdale or other disputed earldom at the present day, it is to be hoped, for the sake of the House of Lords and for the community in general, that she will not be so backward in coming forward as the old lady so situated in the story is. The old lady of the story, in fact, keeps her knowledge to herself with such stolid persistency and with such utter lack of intelligible reason that most readers will sympathise heartily with a certain ancient Chevalier who, in spite of his exquisite politeness, takes the liberty of asking her why, since her secret was of the utmost importance, she so pertinaciously kept her lips sealed. She states her reason at some length; but as the polite Chevalier receives her explanation without any sort of response, it may be taken for granted that he was far from being satisfied therewith, and his feeling will almost certainly be shared by the reader. The Chevalier, be it observed, seems to have been drawn from personal reminiscence; to be a portrait, in fact, of one of those two brothers who not many years ago were well known in London, especially among frequenters of the British Museum, as reputed descendants of Charles I., and who, bearing a certain resemblance to the likenesses of that unfortunate Monarch, "dressed up to the part" to some extent, particularly in the matter of long hair and clanking spurs, to say nothing of a studied melancholy. One of the brothers was more martyr-like than the other; and he it is, no doubt, who has been introduced into the novel as the Chevalier. Probably, however, some of the accomplishments of the Chevalier are due to the author's lively imagination; and frequenters of the British Museum will be astounded to learn that the "descendant of the martyr," whose spurs made so deep an impression upon them, was, at his advanced age, a perfect master of the rapier and the claymore, and able, at ten or even twenty paces, to hit a shilling with a pistol-bullet five times out of six. This mention of rapier, claymore, and pistol will, no doubt, encourage the expectant reader to conclude that the novel abounds with stirring incidents; and the reader will be right in so concluding. Whether the incidents be as new and as probable as it is always desirable to make them, is another question altogether: to carry off a maiden in a yacht against her will is by no means a novelty, but, on the other hand, explosions of dynamite, though they are being gradually overdone by the novelists, cannot, from the very nature of the invention, be regarded yet as belonging to the category of the old, hackneyed, and obsolete. How the ambition of a wealthy business-man, who would fain marry his daughter to the heir of a certain earldom, was gratified in the way that was most mortifying to his feelings, and most contrary to his wishes—this, in the main, is the purport of the story.

There are some well conceived and skilfully though slightly drawn characters in *Who was then the Gentleman?* by Compton Reade (John and Robert Maxwell); and those characters are Sir Robert Marmyon, Baronet, Polly Williams, the loving, faithful village-beauty, and her quaint, plain-spoken, stolid parents, who appear scarcely often enough to satisfy desire and whose droll behaviour and remarks are a pleasant diversion. For, to tell the truth, a reader requires to be diverted from the main course of the novel. It is a story of changelings, whose exchange (about the details of which the author does not appear to be quite consistent, or at any rate quite explicit enough, as will appear from comparing pages 21, 282, and 284 of the first volume) causes the child of a clodhopper to be brought up as the heir to rich estates and a title, whilst the true heir is brought up as a clodhopper. Nor is there a proper regard for consistency in the management of the blue-blooded, reputed young clodhopper, who at one time is represented as imbibing education with a will, talking like a book, and showing signs of innate refinement, and at another as uncouth of speech and vulgar of nature, to the extent of getting drunk the first time he tastes champagne. The tone of the book is extremely disagreeable: it is a question whether so much cold-blooded villany was ever before crowded into the same number of pages; and, with the pardonable object no doubt of exhibiting a creditable horror of vivisection, the author has described totally unnecessary scenes, which are positively sickening, and are almost a libel not only upon professors and students at Oxford but upon human nature in general. It would dishonour one's own species to believe that the lowest scoundrel the sun ever shone upon would behave as Errol Marmyon (who, however, is certainly an unutterably low scoundrel) is supposed to have behaved towards his poor, faithful, affectionate dog. The

writer's literary style is anything but attractive, and there are expressions used which seem to savour rather of ignorance than of carelessness; as when (vol. ii., pages 4 and 56) we read that "a convalescent after typhoid possesses the potentiality (sic) of a baby," and "her argument had some logic in it, be it remarked, *passim* (sic)." After this it is not surprising to find the author reviving an error which it was fondly hoped had been exploded at last for ever, and writing "à l'outrance" instead of "à outrance" (vol. iii. p. 123). This is the more remarkable, because here and there the author uses both Latin and French terms and phrases with the air and accuracy of a proficient. Some moral, to judge from the writer's own remarks, is to be derived from the tale; but what that moral is it would be rash to assert positively, unless it be that an exchange of children at the breast might, under certain circumstances, be attended with considerable advantage to the community.

Some neat engravings, illustrative of Mentone chiefly, add pictorial charm to the literary graces (such as they are) of *The Mistress of Tayne Court*: by Emma Marshall (Seeley and Co.), a story of the goody kind, a mixture of the mundane romance and the religious tract. The tale is not remarkable for originality or for striking incident; but it contains some pretty pictures and one or two good studies or sketches of character; and its tone is not only unexceptionable, but as pure and wholesome as the sea-breeze. At the outset, there is a touching description of the heroine who, at the age of sixteen or seventeen, has just lost her mother, and is left forlorn at Mentone with her father, newly arrived from Singapore and almost unknown to her, and with her maternal uncle, a kind but unsympathetic relative, as great a stranger to her as her father himself is. So the poor girl is left to bear her burden of grief by herself alone. She is hurried away from Mentone to England, where "Tayne Court," a fine old place, with pretty rich revenues, has been left most unexpectedly, by an eccentric old gentleman, to her father: whence the title of the tale. But it is not for more than a year or so that she remains "mistress of Tayne Court"; for her father, acting in a manner very different from what his successful mercantile career at Singapore would have led one to expect, becomes a fraudulent bankrupt, and decamps, leaving her in the lurch. How she ultimately finds all that her heart could reasonably desire by coming to an understanding with the noble and aristocratic-looking young gentleman who, if blood were really thicker than water, should have come into possession of Tayne Court when it was left to her father, the writer of the story is careful to explain. The reader will probably think that a more gradual development of character would have been better in the case of the heroine's father: there is nothing in the hints given of his previous career to prepare us for what is to come, and "Nemo repente fuit turpissimus" should be borne in mind by writers who desire to be regarded as artistic story-tellers.

An excellent idea, not so excellently worked out unfortunately, is the mainspring of *Leap-Year*: by M. A. Curtois (Remington and Co.), which begins with a promise not destined to complete fulfilment. It is leap-year, and St. Valentine's Day; and we are introduced to a beautiful girl, whose father has lately been disgraced and has deserted her, who sees nothing but poverty (which she has never been taught to bear) and a life of shame and dependence before her, and who, studying only the selfish ease she has been taught to prize above everything, takes a sudden inspiration from the year and the day, and determines upon a desperate step. Among the Valentines who were once so anxious to win her regard, and whom her smiles were employed to decoy as pigeons for her gambling father to pluck, was a certain young nobleman who, having written with his blood and given into her hands a promise to marry her when, where, and how she pleased, if ever she did please, had been dismissed by her at the time, and recommended to think better of it. Only a few months have elapsed since then; and, though she was moved by some generous or other impulse to tear up the document before the young lord's eyes (for the Valentine was a noble lord of great family and great means), surely the solemn promise still holds. So she sends him a note, appealing to that promise. *Noblesse oblige*: he declares himself ready to be as good as his word; but, to her astonishment and trouble, he does not rush to her arms to tell her so orally—he sends a cold, brief note by his groom. His courtship is as cold as his note; and in due time she marries him, not without some misgiving, but she is buoyed up by the hope that her skill and her charms will bring her triumphant out of all difficulties. After a short, joyless, honeymoon, he installs her as mistress in his ancestral home; and then bids her farewell for ever. She finds that he has "thought better of it," according to her advice, that he no longer loves her in his old passionate style, or in any style; that, in fact, the former love has turned to hate, for he has discovered that she was only making use of him for her own purposes. And so he vanishes into space: disappears upon his travels, and leaves her, like a tainted thing, to make the best she can of her high fortunes amidst the neglect he ostentatiously shows her and the suspicions consequently aroused among her neighbours. The situation is very dramatic; but some disappointment is likely to be felt that no more is made of it, though the catastrophe is tragic and pathetic enough.

To include among novels such a work as *The Autobiography of Christopher Kirkland*: by Mrs. Lynn Linton (Richard Bentley and Son), is to sacrifice fact to form; inasmuch as, beyond the number (which is three) of the volumes, the appearance and size thereof, the sum of the pages, and the consecutive chapters (beginning with chapter one in each volume) with their pictorial headings, the work is not nearly so like a novel, in the general acceptance of the term, as some sorts of chalk are like some sorts of cheese. It is altogether a very extraordinary book, which might just as well have been divided into separate, independent essays or studies suggested by the varied experience of a long life spent among many different but all interesting types of character and in the constant discussion of more or less important subjects, religious, social, philosophical, metaphysical, medical, surgical, and other. To say that the book is clever, striking, brilliant, powerful, will appear superfluous with the author's name upon the titlepage; perhaps it will be equally superfluous to say that the tone is sometimes excessively unpleasant; that freedom of both thought and expression is very often employed to an extent which will try the nerves of weak brethren; that things which many thousands of persons regard as almost too sacred for discussion in the vulgar tongue are discussed not only with a total want of reverence, but with a kind of defiant flippancy; that the most delicate matters are handled in the rough and reckless manner of a careless washerwoman dealing with dirty linen of dainty texture. What detracts a great deal from the interest of the narrative is the patent absurdity of the pretence, that which is evidently the experience and the mood of a woman being put forward under the transparent veil of a man's name. What object was to be gained by so clumsy a device it is difficult to see; the writer's sex is sometimes so clearly established by unconscious testimony that the mixture of genders, the palpable assumption of an epicene condition, becomes quite ludicrous. There is, of course, no story; there are only descriptions and anecdotes, most of them calculated to make a reader wonder how the writer, whose lot seems to have been cast among very "queer" specimens of humanity, can have come to take the "optimistic" rather than the "pessimistic" view of man and his "moral evolution"; and the hypothetical autobiographer is represented to us as a married man, that occasion may be taken for depicting a certain amiable but idiotic type of woman, whose characteristics might have been quite as well described in the anecdotal form adopted in the case of Mrs. Hulme and Althea Cartwright, not to mention other worthies of the feminine gender equally unlikely to extend the creed of "optimism," the belief in man's or woman's "glorious future and infinite progress." Let not these words be taken as if the user of them would sneer at "optimism" or at man's or woman's "glorious future and infinite progress"; all that is meant is to doubt whether the chances of the good cause look promising in the light afforded by the three volumes.

A very pretty, pleasant, touching, but particularly quiet story is *Taken to Heart*: by the Hon. Frederica Plunket (John and Robert Maxwell), though there is just one excessively painful and unpleasant episode, when a most charming widow explains how it is that she has changed her name, how it is that she hates the very memory of her husband with a hatred that cannot be mitigated, and how it is that she considers herself not at liberty to accept an offer of marriage from an honourable man. The story proper is simple to the very extreme of simplicity. A well-to-do, not to say wealthy, bachelor, of rather more than middle age, adopts the pretty, fatherless and motherless daughter of an actor who was his dearest friend in youth, and pays the penalty. The girl is about seventeen; so, first of all, of course, the neighbours "talk," when the elderly bachelor takes her into his house where there is no lady to look after her. Then he is driven by the insinuations and even open animadversions of Mrs. Grundy to engage a chaperon-governess for his adopted child; and of course the lady he engages is a person so beautiful and queenly to look upon, so very superior in character and intellect, that the poor bachelor becomes her very humble servant and lover. But there is a mystery about her; and a very ghastly story she has to tell—though it is soon told—when she condescends at last to explain to the old bachelor why it is that she so persistently refuses to marry him, and why, when the adopted daughter was married and left the old bachelor's house, so that propriety made it necessary for the heretofore chaperon to quit the premises, she went back to her old dingy lodgings and would fain have recommenced her old weary occupation, instead of accepting his handsome offer of a comfortable home and nothing to do but to reform an old bachelor. It would spoil all to betray the mysterious lady's secret; but there can be no harm in hinting that good sport is afforded by the adopted daughter, who rejoices in the masculine name of "Tommy."

Her Majesty has given two cygnets to be placed on the ornamental water of Southwark Park.

Mr. Cecil Bendall, Fellow of Caius College, Cambridge, and at present in charge of the Oriental Books in the British Museum, has accepted the post of Professor of Sanskrit at University College, London.



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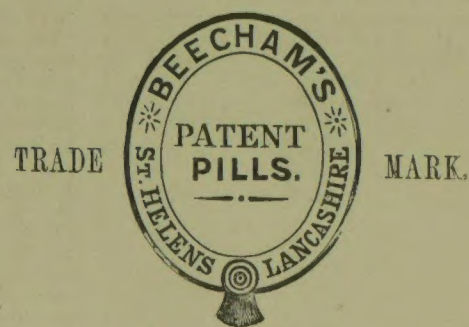
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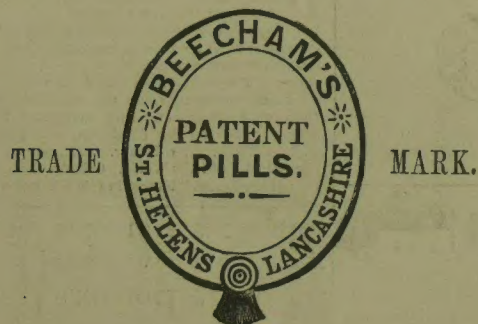
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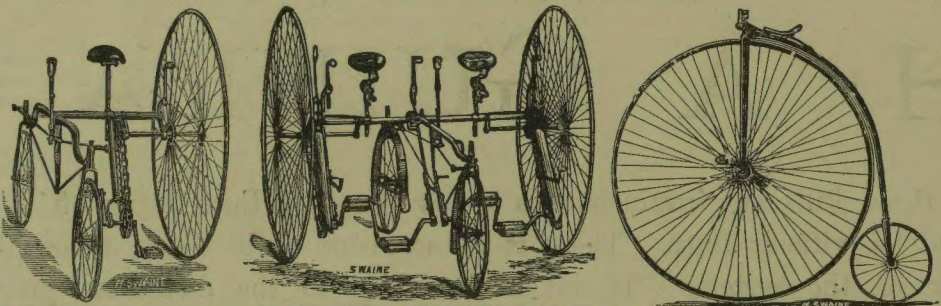


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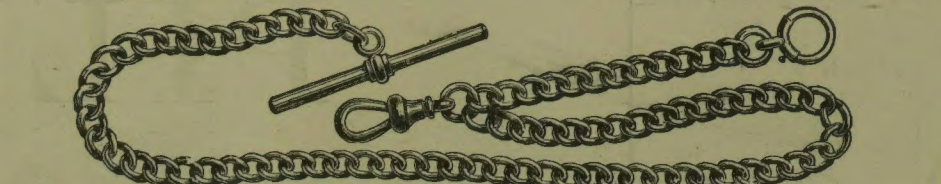
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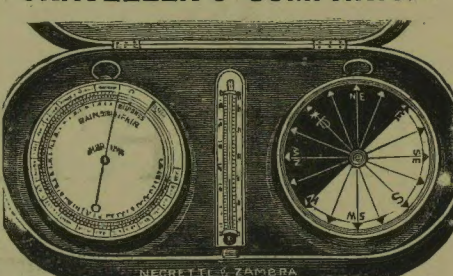
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